Saturday Review

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N.J.

DECEMBER 12, 1959 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

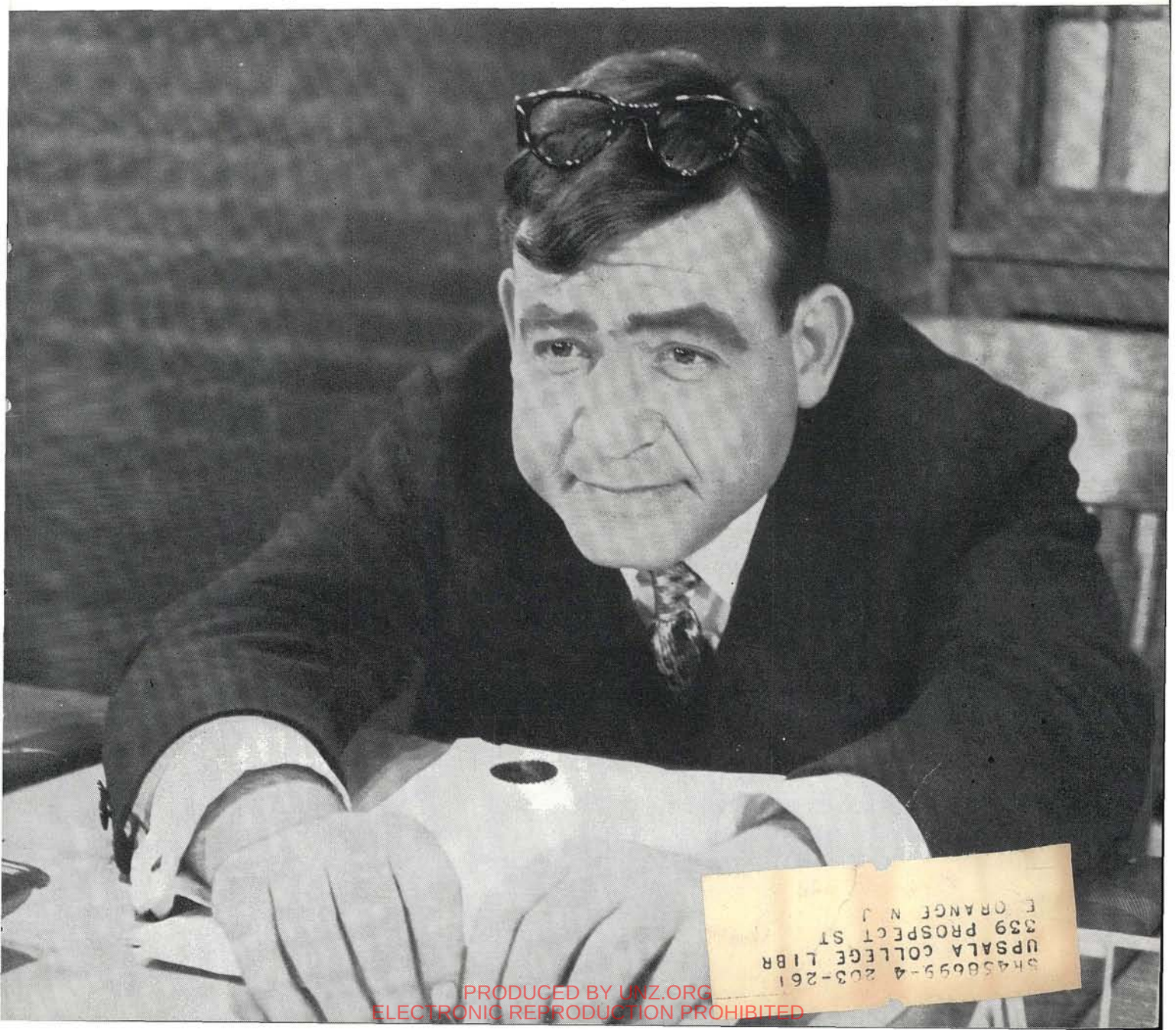
THE BOY WHO LEARNED TO GROW SALT

By Vincent J. Schaefer

WORK AS A PUBLIC ISSUE

By Harvey Swados

Tom Bosley as "Fiorello" in the new Broadway musical (See Broadway Postscript)



UPSALA COLLEGE LIBR
339 PROSPECT ST
E ORANGE N J
SR4580599-4 203-261

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a way to extend best wishes! Johnnie Walker romises you that. *Dozens* of good wishes in every famous bottle—whether ou give it or serve it. Try smooth, mellow Red Label. Or there's rare, istinguished Black Label. Either way, your toast is in the tradition of good aste. (P.S. Don't omit your card. Everyone wants to remember who membered *him* with Scotland's finest.)

JOHNNIE WALKER SCOTCH WHISKY

ENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION

BORN 1820

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limited

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OWN A

COMPACT CAR?

Save 15% Extra on Liability Insurance

Effective immediately, owners of compact cars * are entitled to a 15% discount on Nationwide bodily injury and property damage liability. If your car is among the eligible models listed below, you're entitled to 15% off on liability—the item that usually accounts for the largest portion of your car insurance premium—plus the substantial savings you would *normally* get with Nationwide. For the exact amount of *your* compact car savings, see the man from Nationwide in your community.

IN SERVICE OF MORE THAN 9 MILLION PEOPLE

NATIONWIDE INSURANCE

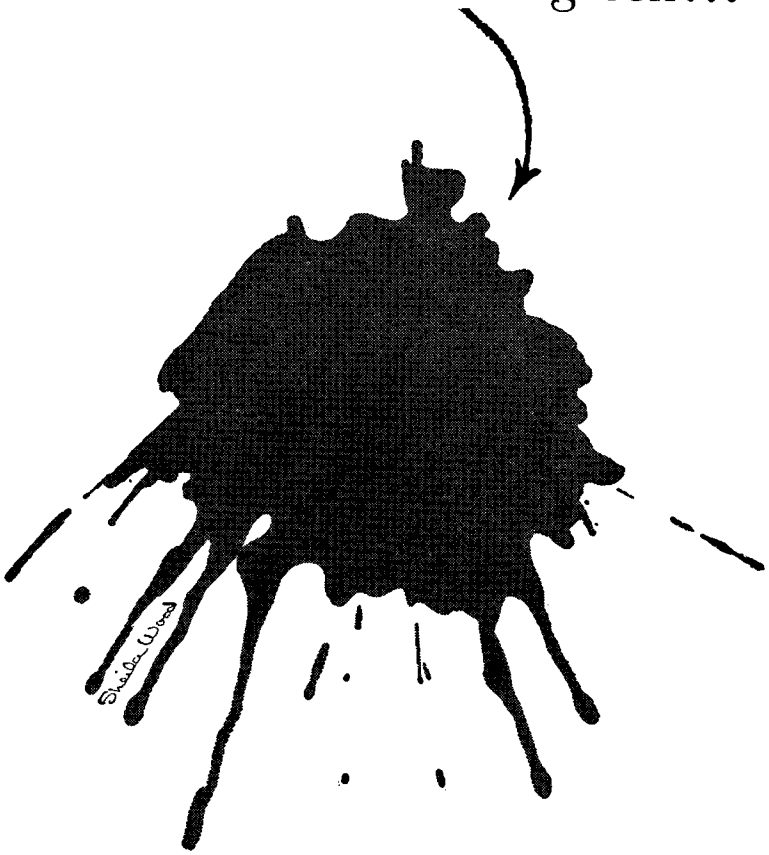
New Ideas for a New Era

NATIONWIDE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · HOME OFFICE: COLUMBUS, OHIO

* **CHEVROLET:** all 1960 Corvairs. **FORD:** all 1960 Falcons. **HUDSON:** all 1955 Ramblers and Metropolitans; all 1956 Ramblers (except sta. wagons). **NASH:** all 1955 Ramblers and Metropolitans; all 1956 Ramblers (except sta. wagons). **RAMBLER:** all 1957-60 6 cyl. 108" WB 1-bbl. Carb. (except sta. wagons); all 1958-60 Americans. **STUDEBAKER:** all 1959-60 6 cyl. Lark (except Convertibles). **VALIANT:** all 1960 models. **WILLYS:** all 1955-60 models (except station and utility wagons). **AUSTIN:** all 1955-60 models. **AUSTIN-HEALEY:** all 1958-60 Sprite Roadsters. **BERKELEY:** all 1959 models. **BMW:** all 1957-59 Isettas. **CITROEN:** all 1957-60 2 CV & Dyna Panhards (except Convertibles). **DATSUN:** all 1959-60 models. **DKW:** all 1958-59 2 dr. sed. & HT coupes (not Auto Union). **FIAT:** all 1958-59 models (except Roadster). **FORD** (English): all 1955 models: all 1956 Anglias, Prefects, Escorts, Squires, and Mark I Consuls; 1956 Mark II Consul (4 dr. sed. only); all 1956 Mark I Zephyrs; 1956 Mark II Zephyr Saloon; all 1957-59 Anglias, Prefects, Escorts, Squires; 1957-59 Consuls and Zephyrs (4 dr. sed. only). **GOGGOMOBILE:** all 1959 models. **GOLIATH:** all 1958 models (except Tiger, Empress, & Custom Conv.); all 1959 models (except Tiger and Micro Bus). **HILLMAN:** all 1955-60 models. **LLOYD:** all 1958-59 models. **METROPOLITAN:** all 1956-60 models. **MG:** all 1955-57 models (except Magnette). **MORRIS:** all 1955-60 models. **NSU PRINZ:** all 1959 models. **OPEL:** all 1958-60 models. **PEUGEOT:** 1958-59 "403" 4 dr. sed. **RENAULT:** all 1957-60 models. **SAAB:** all 1958-59 "93B"s & "93F"s. **SIMCA:** all 1957 models (except Cpe. de Villes & Oceane Conv.); all 1958 Arondes (except Cpe. HT & Conv.); all 1959-60 models (except Plein Ciel and Oceane Convertible). **SKODA:** all 1958-59 models (except Convertibles & HTs). **TAUNUS:** all 1958-59 models (except Matador). **TOYOTA:** 1958-60 Toyopet Crown Sedans. **TRIUMPH:** all 1958-59 models (except Conv. & HT Spt. Car). **VAUXHALL:** all 1958-60 models. **VOLKSWAGEN:** all 1955-60 models (except Kharman Ghias). **VOLVO:** all 1957-58 2 dr. sed. **WARTBURG:** all 1959-60 models (except Spt. Cpe.).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make believe this is green...



then make a martini with
Ballantine's Imported English Gin.
Its goodness and superior taste
will stagger your imagination
...and make your rival martini-makers
green with envy!

BALLANTINE'S ENGLISH GIN

Imported by "21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C.

94.4 proof, distilled from grain.

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 12, 1959

Cover Photograph: Eileen Darby—Graphic House

SR/IDEAS

13 Work as a Public Issue, by Harvey Swados
24 Don Pablo: An Editorial
49 *SR* Drug Reports and the U. S. Senate, by John Lear
51 The Boy Who Learned to Grow Salt, by Vincent J. Schaefer

SR/BOOKS

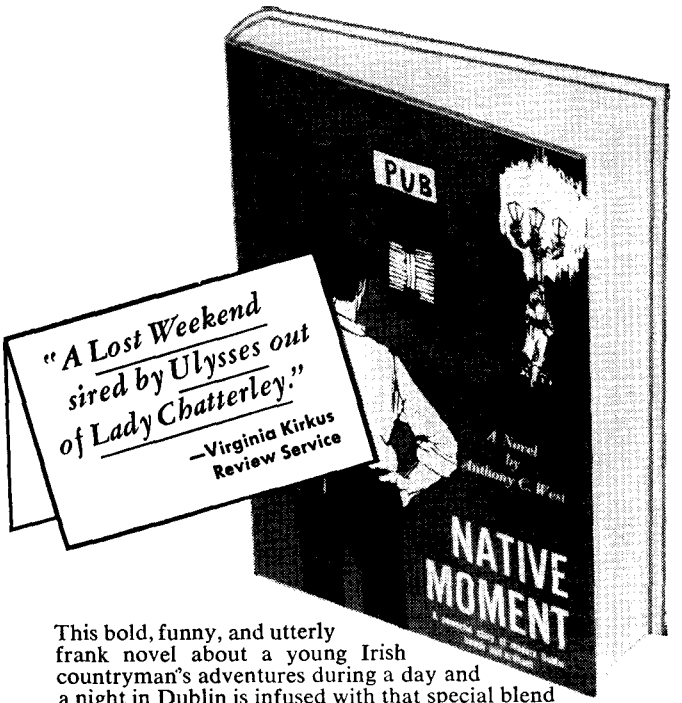
16 Granville Hicks examines book reviewing
17 Khrushchev and the Central Committee Speak on Education, by George S. Counts
18 The Child, The Parent and The State, by James Bryant Conant
19 The Native Moment, by Anthony C. West
20 The Golden Cage, by Tereska Torres
21 Prospects of a Golden Age, by John Dos Passos
22 In the Days of McKinley, by Margaret Leech
23 The Armada, by Garrett Mattingly
32 I Have Known Many Worlds, by Roger Burlingame
33 Men and Atoms, by William L. Laurence
34 The Ocean of Air, by David I. Blumenstock
36 The Elizabethans and America, by A. L. Rowse

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds
10 Chess Corner
19 Literary Crypt
20 Literary I.Q.
25 Letters to the Editor
26 Broadway Postscript
28 *SR* Goes to the Movies
29 Booked for Travel
37 Music to My Ears
38 Mid-month Recordings
48 Kingsley Double Crostic No. 1342
49 *SR* Research

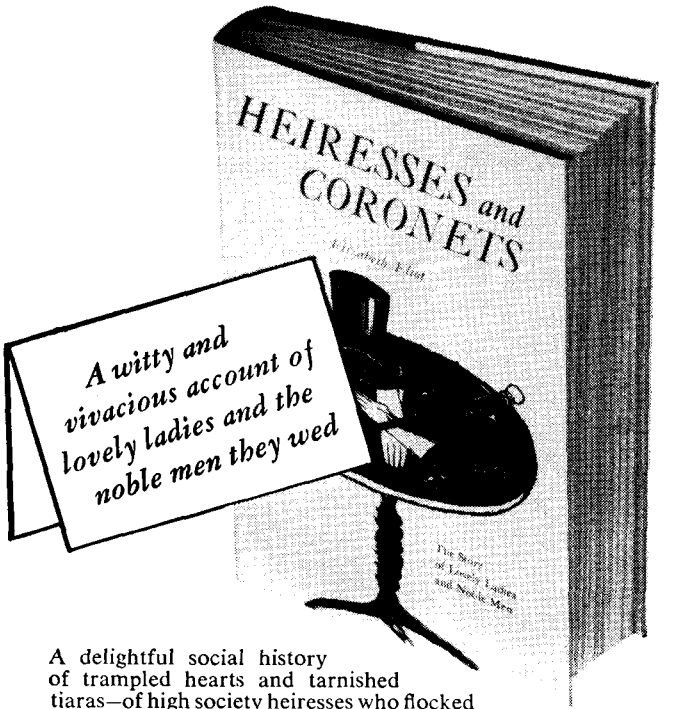
The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 50, December 12, 1959. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



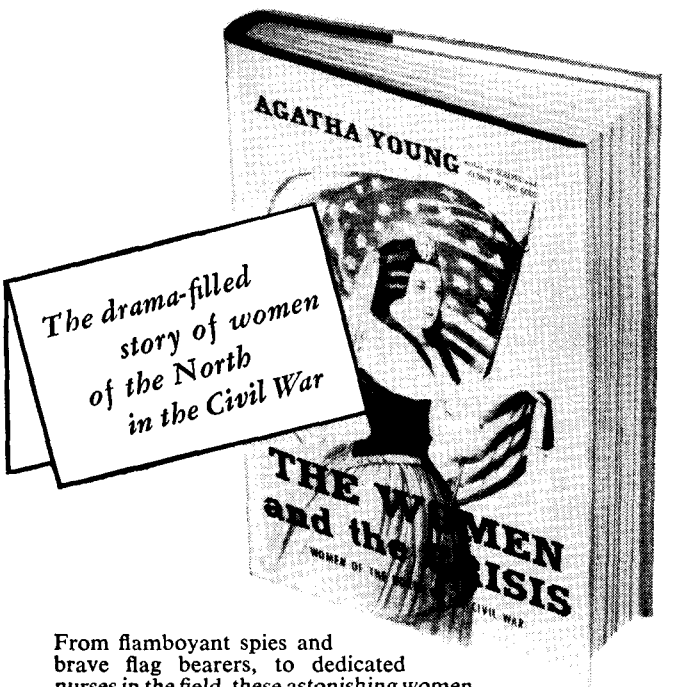
This bold, funny, and utterly frank novel about a young Irish countryman's adventures during a day and a night in Dublin is infused with that special blend of lyricism and realism which marks the work of the finest Irish writers. By the author of *River's End.* $4.50

THE NATIVE MOMENT by Anthony C. West



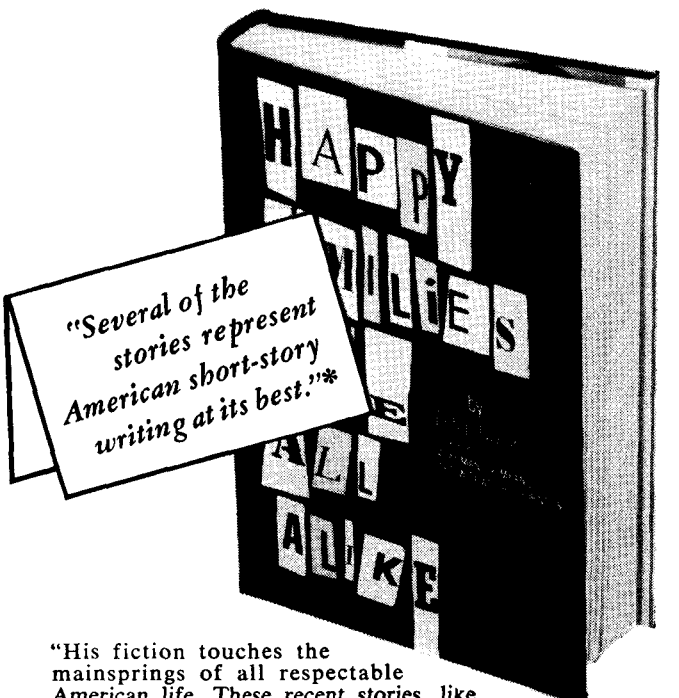
A delightful social history of trampled hearts and tarnished tiaras—of high society heiresses who flocked to Europe between 1870 and the early 1900s, eager to trade their millions for a titled husband. *Illustrated* $5.00

HEIRESSES AND CORONETS by Elizabeth Eliot



From flamboyant spies and brave flag bearers, to dedicated nurses in the field, these astonishing women influenced the great conflict. Their fascinating personal stories make reading of the most exciting kind for Civil War fans. *Illustrated* $6.00

THE WOMEN AND THE CRISIS by Agatha Young



"His fiction touches the mainsprings of all respectable American life. These recent stories, like all fine works of art, are beautifully wrought and full of imaginative subtlety."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review** $3.95

HAPPY FAMILIES ARE ALL ALIKE by Peter Taylor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

FOR THOSE PROSAIC souls who haven't had dope, drink, criminal record, or nervous breakdown in their past, it hasn't been easy to put together a book that confesses all. That charming George Sanders has overcome such obstacles, however, and has written his autobiography for Putnam's, which will publish it in a few months under the title "Memoirs of a Professional Cad." The poop sheet on this book declares:

"He married Zsa Zsa, made an early Bergman-Rossellini movie in Italy, was on the set the day Tyrone Power died. He has roamed the world as well as Hollywood."

That didn't sound very caddish to me, until I looked in the Oxford Universal Dictionary, where I found that the first definition of a cad is "an unbooked passenger whose fare the driver of a coach appropriated."

JOEY ADAMS, another entertainer-turned-writer, tells me, "I'm the only well-adjusted comedian in the world." If there's any confessing to be done it is simply that his taste has changed and he has outgrown the clumsy jokes of the past, such as making fun of Garbo's feet.

"I used to do routines which I think are bad taste now," said the author of the just-published "It Takes One to Know One." "Now the words can't come out of my mouth. I just can't do a 'sick joke.' After all, I've slept in the White House, my nails are clean, and I go with the best people. So my humor's changed."

Perhaps the Adams drive toward this respectability began thirteen years ago when his first book, "From Gags to Riches," came out. He was attending a luncheon where he said a few words to boost the book. Then the emcee said, "And we have another author with us today . . ." The "other author" turned out to be Sholem Asch. Encouraged, Adams has written five books since.

"It Takes One to Know One" is a sort of Do-It-Yourself Laugh Kit which gives all sorts of advice on humor and includes a portable gag file, alphabetized. If you need a dentist joke you look under D, and there it is:

An Oklahoma oilman went to the dentist for an examination, after which the dentist said, "Your teeth are perfect! You don't need a thing." Whereupon the millionaire drawled, "Well, drill anyway, Doc, I feel lucky this morning."

ANOTHER ENTRY in our Nutty Sign Contest is from Harrison K. Sayen, a retired Army officer who lives in Batesville, Virginia. Colonel Sayen read the following sign at the gateway to a well-known inn not far from Washington:

OLNEY INN
OPEN ALL YEAR
Except February
(Closed Mondays)

JOHN WEAVER, who has been traveling back and forth, as authors must do, to help plug his new book, "As I Live and Breathe," tells me that a few years ago a salesman tried to interest a bookstore in a forthcoming book called "Journey Into Chaos." The buyer wasn't convinced. "We have no luck with travel books," she said. "Besides, no one goes to Southeast Asia these days."

Weaver also reports that he was watching television the night of September 30, when Louis Untermeyer appeared on "Morgan at Midnight." Untermeyer, whose birthday is October 1, was asked at one point by Henry Morgan, "Louis, how old are you?"

Untermeyer glanced at his watch, looked up and said "Seventy-four."

RUNNING AROUND the country talking about one's books is a disease that the indefatigable Harnett Kane can't be cured of, and audiences are grateful. In fact, Kane describes his symptoms in his latest book, "Have Pen, Will Autograph," (Doubleday), a humorous one based on his twenty years' experience in signing his name in his books. Now wait—he has just returned from a speaking tour on which he autographed copies of *this* book! This is the kind of thing that happens to Southerner Harnett Kane that makes book material:

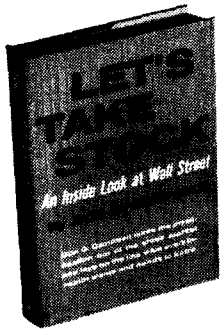
In one town he was asked by the newspaper why he hadn't yet married. "Nobody asked me," he answered. A somewhat unappetizing lady appeared an hour after the afternoon paper had come out. "I read the story," she said.

ODD-LOT SHORT SALES DOW THEORY BROAD BASE WARRANTS YIELDS

Taking the mumbo-jumbo out of Wall Street

LET'S TAKE STOCK

By DON G. CAMPBELL



$2.50 at bookstores

In language any layman can instantly grasp, Mr. Campbell explains income and growth stocks, market cycles, when to buy and when to sell, investment clubs, monthly plans, put and call options, over-the-counter securities, technical terms — in short, everything the beginning investor needs to know.

"Should make for a good evening's reading for the novice investor and could give some new ideas to those who consider themselves seasoned pros in the investment game." — DONALD K. WHITE, Financial Editor, *San Francisco Examiner*

If you can't visit your bookseller, order direct, giving his name

BOBBS-MERRILL, 1720 E. 38th St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.
A SUBSIDIARY OF HOWARD W. SAMS & CO. INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Consider yourself asked right now."

As Kane recalls, "She seemed closer to Marjorie Main than to Brigitte Bardot, and I asked her why she wanted to marry me. She gave it to me: 'I want to be the wife of a writer, *any* writer, and go to cocktail parties and such things.' (P.S. We aren't married yet.)"

In New Orleans he did a series of three television appearances in two days. The telephone rang after the last one, and a lady purred, "What you said was fine, and I'm glad I heard you. But don't you have more than one tie?"

In Memphis after Kane had rushed from the airport to the TV studio for a program, a fan called: "I liked the show, but I wonder how you'd look if you had your suit pressed." In Knoxville an intent lady heard him talk a full hour, and took his hand with a gentle, maternal look. "Mr. Kane, have you ever thought of taking a course in public speaking?" she asked.

Kane thinks she must be a cousin of the Chicago woman who strode up and declared: "I couldn't make out more than a third of what you said. What dialect do you use?"

SOME CONSIDERATION has been given by management consultants to a time-saving system under which excuses would be given by number. On hearing this news Mack McGinnis decided there are eight basic excuses, and these are the numbers he assigned to them:

1. That's the way we've always done it.
2. I didn't know you were in a hurry for it.
3. I'm waiting for an okay.
4. How did I know it was different?
5. That's his job, not mine.
6. Wait till the boss comes back and ask him.
7. I didn't think it was very important.
8. I thought I told you.

I HAVE BEEN brought up short by Bob Fontaine, who politely questions my ridicule of the speed with which Frank Sinatra got paid and published by the *Atlantic* magazine in "Some Came Running," a movie. Fontaine says that he submitted a piece to that publication May 21 of this year and received a check May 23. Another story, he avers, was in print a few weeks after submission.

Bob is really leading up to the mention of his new book, "That's a Good

On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

DECK THE HALLS

When you think of Christmas gifts you naturally think of Marlboro cigarettes, leading seller in flip-top box in all fifty states—and if we annex Wales, in all fifty-one—and if we annex Lapland, in all fifty-two. (This talk about annexing Wales and Lapland is, incidentally, not just idle speculation. Great Britain wants to trade Wales to the United States for a desert. Great Britain needs a desert desperately on account of the tourist trade. Tourists are always coming up to the Prime Minister or the Lord Privy Seal, or the Thane of Glamis, or like that and saying, "I'm not knocking your country, mind you. It's very quaint and picturesque, etc., what with Buckingham Palace and Bovril and Scotland Yard, etc., but where's your desert?") Before I forget, let me point out that Scotland Yard, Britain's plain-clothes police branch, was named after Wally Scotland and Fred Yard who invented plain clothes. The American plain-clothes force is called the F.B.I. after Frank B. Inchcliff, who invented fingerprints. Before Mr. Inchcliff's invention, everybody's fingers were absolutely glassy smooth. This, as you may imagine, played hob with the identification of newborn babies in hospitals. From 1791 until 1904 no American parent ever brought home the right baby from the hospital. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.

(But I digress. England, I was saying, wants to trade Wales for a desert. Sweden wants to trade Lapland for Frank B. Inchcliff. The reason is that Swedes to this day still don't have fingerprints. As a result, identification of babies in Swedish hospitals is so haphazard that Swedes flatly refuse to bring their babies home. There are, at present, nearly a half-billion unclaimed babies in Swedish hospitals—some of them well over eighty years old.)

But I digress. Marlboro is, of course, an ideal Christmas gift for your friends and loved ones who enjoy filter cigarettes. If, on the other hand, your friends and loved ones like mildness but don't like filters, then you can't go wrong with a carton of Philip Morris. If your friends and loved ones like a subtly mentholated cigarette that combines refreshing taste with high filtration, then buy a carton of Alpines. (Alpines, incidentally, are named after the late Albert G. Pine. Al Pine worked all his life to invent a cigarette that would combine light menthol and high filtration, but alas he never succeeded. As by-products of his research he did manage to invent the atom, the gooseneck lamp and the cocker spaniel, but the lightly mentholated high filtration cigarette, alas, never. Now this dream is realized, and what could be more fitting than to pay tribute to this gallant man by calling this cigarette Alpine?)

"...but where's your desert?"

© 1959 Max Shulman

• • •

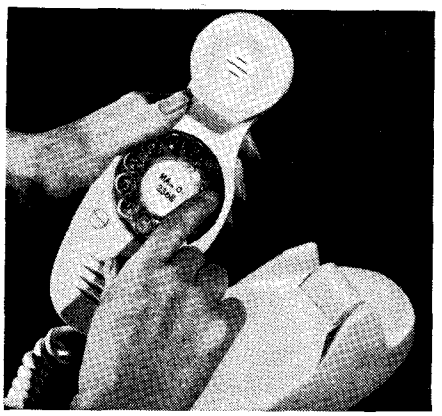
We, the makers of Marlboro, Philip Morris and Alpine are now enjoying our sixth year with Max Shulman. Obviously, we think he is a funny fellow. We think you'll think so too, if you look at his television series "THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS"—and read his latest book, "I WAS A TEEN-AGE DWARF."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▲ A kitchen phone that can be recessed in a wall or cabinet.

▲ A phone that has push buttons instead of a dial for calling.

▼ A phone with the dial conveniently placed in the handset.



▼ A compact microphone-dial unit for "hands-free" telephoning.

TOMORROW'S TELEPHONES ?

They're being tested today!

These are models of some new and different telephones that we're testing in the homes of certain of our customers. We want to discover what the customers themselves find most useful and attractive about these phones, and what changes could be made to improve them.

Exciting in themselves, these new telephones are also symbols of many exciting changes going on "behind the scenes" to make the telephone still more useful and convenient. (For example, millions of our customers can now dial their own long distance calls direct.)

Some day you may have one or more of these phones in your home. But even if these experimental models are never put into full production, the research that went into them will be used in other ways, to bring you continually improving telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Question," to be published in January by *The Writer*. It deals with how to handle the shock of quick acceptances, how to write adoring letters to the editor, and how to fold manuscripts in the form of a fish for submitting to field and stream publications.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Sydney King Russell has rewritten Shakespeare. He quotes Romeo as saying, upon downing the deadly potion, "At last I have found a Thinking Man's Philter."

• Pierre Berton of Toronto says he'll believe television has come clean when they announce, "The part of Alice Gobel is not played by Mrs. George Gobel but by a Hollywood actress. Mrs. Gobel is actually home, watching the Loretta Young Show." Or when they admit that Lassie is a boy.

• Ethel Hall Bjerkoe, author of "How to Decorate For and With Antiques" (Doubleday), has given me the straight dope on those costly, hand-fashioned old beams people like to have holding up their living room ceilings. No self-respecting colonial family would have those ugly logs exposed like that, she says. You might find them in the barn or shed but not in the house, where they'd be carefully planed, painted, or boxed.

• Cornell University Press, in the process of publishing an Indonesian-English dictionary, found that when the word "book" is added to the word for "tin coating" in Indonesian, the translation comes out as "book review."

• In Moscow there aren't any air raid drills or shelters, no signs telling folks where to run to in case of attack. Just some old shelters left from the other war which are being used as regular basements.

• Now that the Aswan Dam in Egypt will be built by the Russians, if our Western critics run true to form when it's finished, it will surely be a dam with faint praise.

• I heard about a beatnik girl who is engaged to be married. Instead of getting a shower, she's taking one.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1341)

Kessler-Rachlis:

PETER STUYVESANT (AND HIS NEW YORK)

The sea voyage from the Old World to the New in the mid-seventeenth century lasted, if wind and luck were good, seven to nine weeks between April and October; and nine to twelve weeks between November and March. It was rarely a pleasant trip.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEFFERSON DAVIS
Confederate President

"Biography on the grand scale . . . a monumental work . . . essential reading for all members of the Civil War Brotherhood." —N.Y. Times $6.75

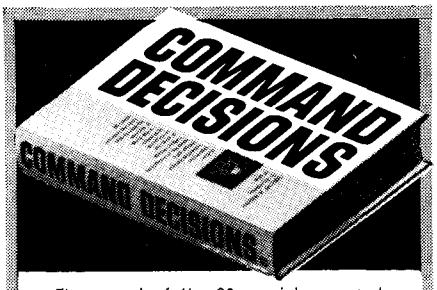
HUDSON STRODE

16 superb short stories

"Miss Enright could do almost anything she wanted with a story and still leave the reader convinced of its rightness."—*Harper's*

Elizabeth Enright

THE RIDDLE OF THE FLY
AND OTHER STORIES
$3.75



The record of the 20 crucial command decisions, Allied and enemy, that determined the outcome of World War II — prepared from official military documents and combat records by the Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army.

496 pages, 16 battle maps, $5.95

LOVE
IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK

by Jessamyn West

"A book about the soul of love, from the woman's standpoint . . . Men will find that it explains much of the mystery of woman . . . a warm gem of a book." —*San Francisco Examiner* $2.50

11
superlative gifts for Christmas

HARCOURT, BRACE

The man, the father, as never before revealed

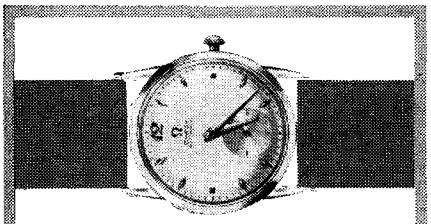
AFFECTIONATELY, F.D.R. by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett

16 pages of photographs, $5.75

A Touch of Innocence

BY KATHERINE DUNHAM

"One of the most extraordinary life-stories I have ever read . . . a mature exploration of the human spirit, its perils and its dignities . . . an astonishingly good book." —*Elizabeth Janeway, N. Y. Times Book Review.* $4.95



Lillian Smith's
first novel since STRANGE FRUIT
One Hour
$5.00

Mary McCarthy's
penetrating, singularly original, supremely graceful tribute to the city that is the source of the great Italian enlightenment — stunningly complemented by 127 full pages of photographs and 12 color plates.

THE STONES OF FLORENCE
De luxe, oversize format, $15.00

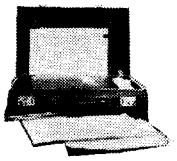
The twenties and Paris, the writers who made it famous, and the woman who knew them all

Shakespeare and Company by Sylvia Beach

"Utterly fascinating."—*AP*
16 pages of photographs, $4.50

"FASCINATING . . .
There has never been anyone better on this subject."
—J. K. Galbraith, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

POWER WITHOUT PROPERTY



A penetrating analysis of the new development in American political economy.

$3.75 by Adolf A. Berle, Jr.

An appraisal of Walter Lippmann's life and thought by twelve of his distinguished contemporaries

WALTER LIPPMANN & HIS TIMES

Edited by Marquis Childs and James Reston; contributors include George F. Kennan, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Arthur Krock, Carl Binger, Reinhold Niebuhr, Allan Nevins. $3.95

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Denmark's Liqueur Delight Since 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. SR, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

A PART OF THE AMERICAN PAST BURIED FOR OVER 200 YEARS

THE SPANISH TOWN PAPERS

By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

Only these crumbling, worm-eaten documents rescue men and women more or less like ourselves from that second and equally dreaded death — oblivion. From papers impounded by the British in Jamaica during the American Revolution, Miss Robertson has selected these affectionate, bitter, and terribly human fragments. $4.00

Macmillan

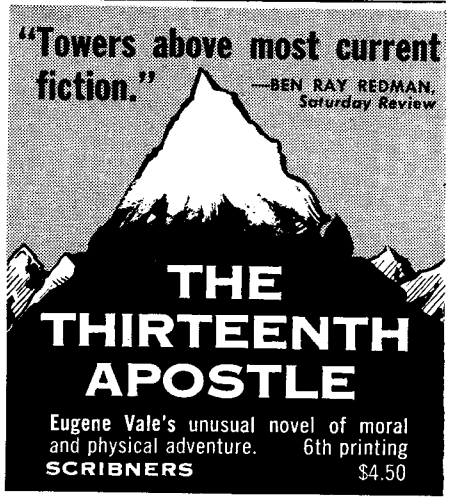
Wonderful nonsense in delightful verse by JOHN CIARDI

THE REASON FOR THE PELICAN

N. Y. Times choice as Number One of "The Ten Best Illustrated Books of 1959." Drawings by Madeleine Gekiere. $3.00

LIPPINCOTT

"Towers above most current fiction." —BEN RAY REDMAN, *Saturday Review*



THE THIRTEENTH APOSTLE

Eugene Vale's unusual novel of moral and physical adventure. 6th printing

SCRIBNERS $4.50

Chess Corner — 26

Preceptor of modern chess and first official world champion was Wilhelm Steinitz. It was he who incorporated into writing the vague existing principles of his time which governed the play, such as rapid development, control of the center, outpost stations, and a host of tactical and strategic plans. Yet few masters in the history of chess have been so maligned. For Steinitz, with an eye for material and positional supremacy, deflated the superficial froth of the game. He was dubbed "the man who destroyed brilliancy." No matter how brilliant a combination, he was wont to say, if unsound, it filled him with a sense of artistic horror. This very man, moreover, was capable of the highest order of brilliancy, sacrificial combinations emanating from tiny positional nuances. Witness this game.

GIUOCO PIANO

W. Steinitz		C. Von Bardeleben	
White		Black	
1 P-K4	P-K4	5 P-Q4	PxP
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	6 PxP	B-N5ch
3 B-B4	B-B4	7 N-B3	P-Q4
4 P-B3	N-B3	8 PxP	KNxP
		9 0-0	B-K3

All "book," the double distilled essence of master practice, by current standards.

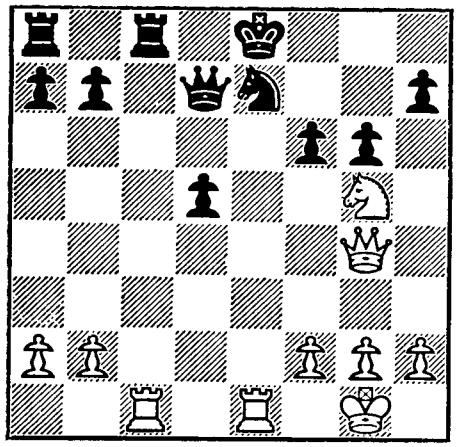
10 B-KN5	B-K2	12 NxB	QxN
11 BxN	QBxB	13 BxB	NxB
	14 R-K1!	P-KB3	

White has obtained a tiny grip in that Black cannot castle. Black plans to "castle by hand."

	15 Q-K2	Q-Q2	
	16 QR-B1	P-B3?	
	17 P-Q5!	.....	

This Pawn sacrifice clears the lines for an outpost Knight at K6, via Q4.

17	PxP	19 N-K6	KR-QB1
18 N-Q4	K-B2	20 Q-N4	P-KN3
	21 N-N5ch	K-K1	

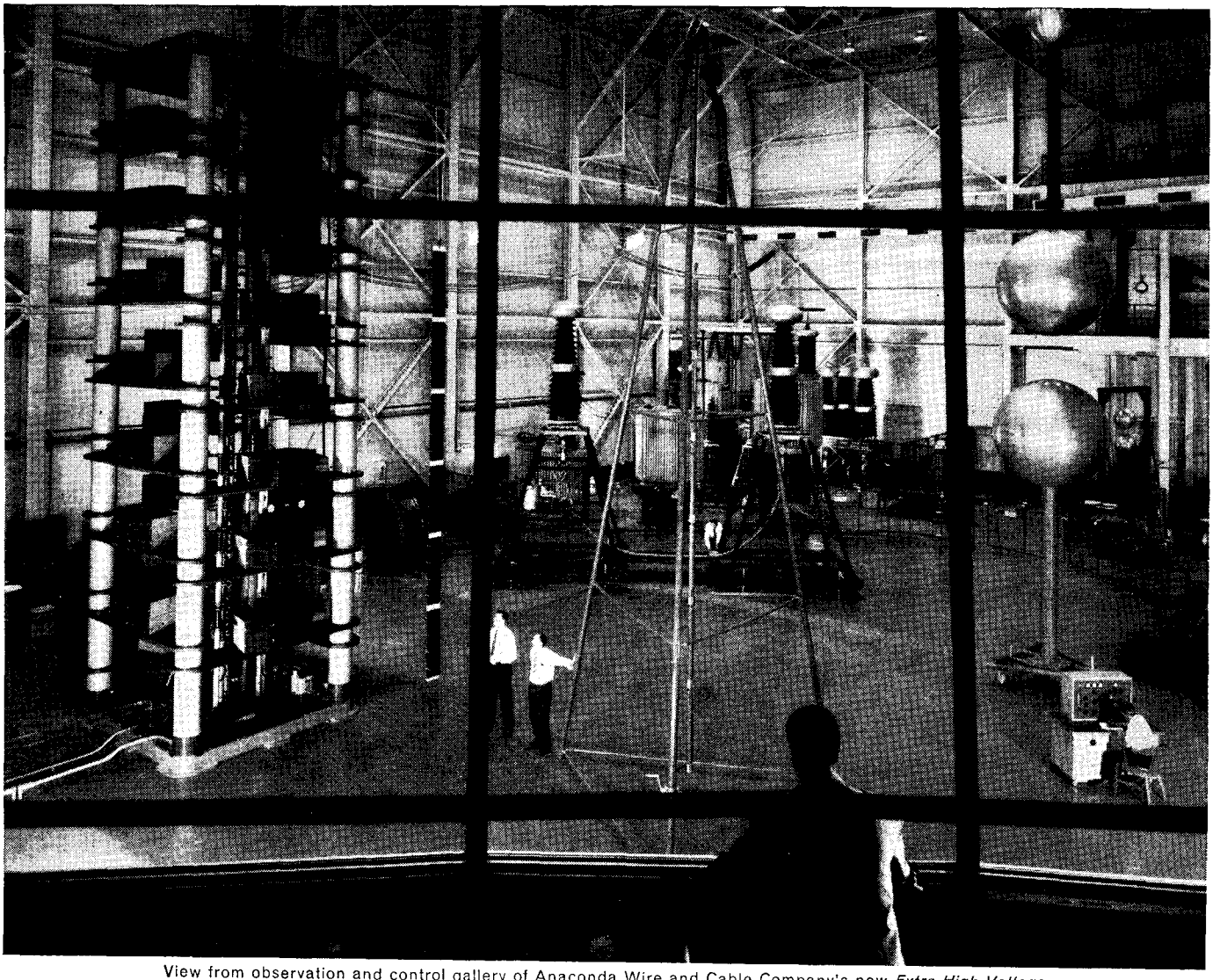


22 RxNch	K-B1	24 R-N7ch	K-R1
23 R-B7ch	K-N1	25 RxPch	Resigns

Steinitz gives the following finish: 25..... K-N1 26 R-N7ch, K-R1 27 Q-R4ch, KxR 28 Q-R7ch, K-B1 29 Q-R8ch, K-K2 30 Q-N7ch, K-K1 31 Q-N8ch, K-K2 32 Q-B7ch, K-Q1 33 Q-B8ch, Q-K1 34 N-B7ch, K-Q2 35 Q-Q6 mate.

—Al Horowitz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



View from observation and control gallery of Anaconda Wire and Cable Company's new *Extra High Voltage* Cable Research Laboratory, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

Because you flick so many switches we had to design a new cable

Fast as the American population is increasing, electric power consumption is growing three times faster. Our use of electricity has tripled in the past 14 years . . . seems set to double again within the next ten.

To meet this startling growth in electrical appetite, the capacity of copper cable must double—or triple—within the next decade. This calls for entirely new designs in *Extra High Voltage* cable which electric utilities are now installing to carry the power load of the future. This replacement problem is becoming especially acute, because of space limitations, in crowded metropolitan areas. Here, the answer to already overcrowded underground ducts will be found in this new Anaconda *Extra High Voltage* copper cable design.

Anaconda Wire and Cable Company engineers have this cable ready right now. Its 345,000-volt rating is two-and-a-half times that of today's conventional underground cable and it has been tested under actual in-service conditions to 50% above its rated current and voltage. This big advance in cable technology was born in the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company's Extra High Voltage Cable Research Laboratory, the newest and best equipped facility of its kind in the country.

The skilled staff of Anaconda Wire and Cable Company's EHV Laboratory typifies the continuing effort of Anaconda people everywhere—an effort which results in better products and services for people in industry, for people as consumers.

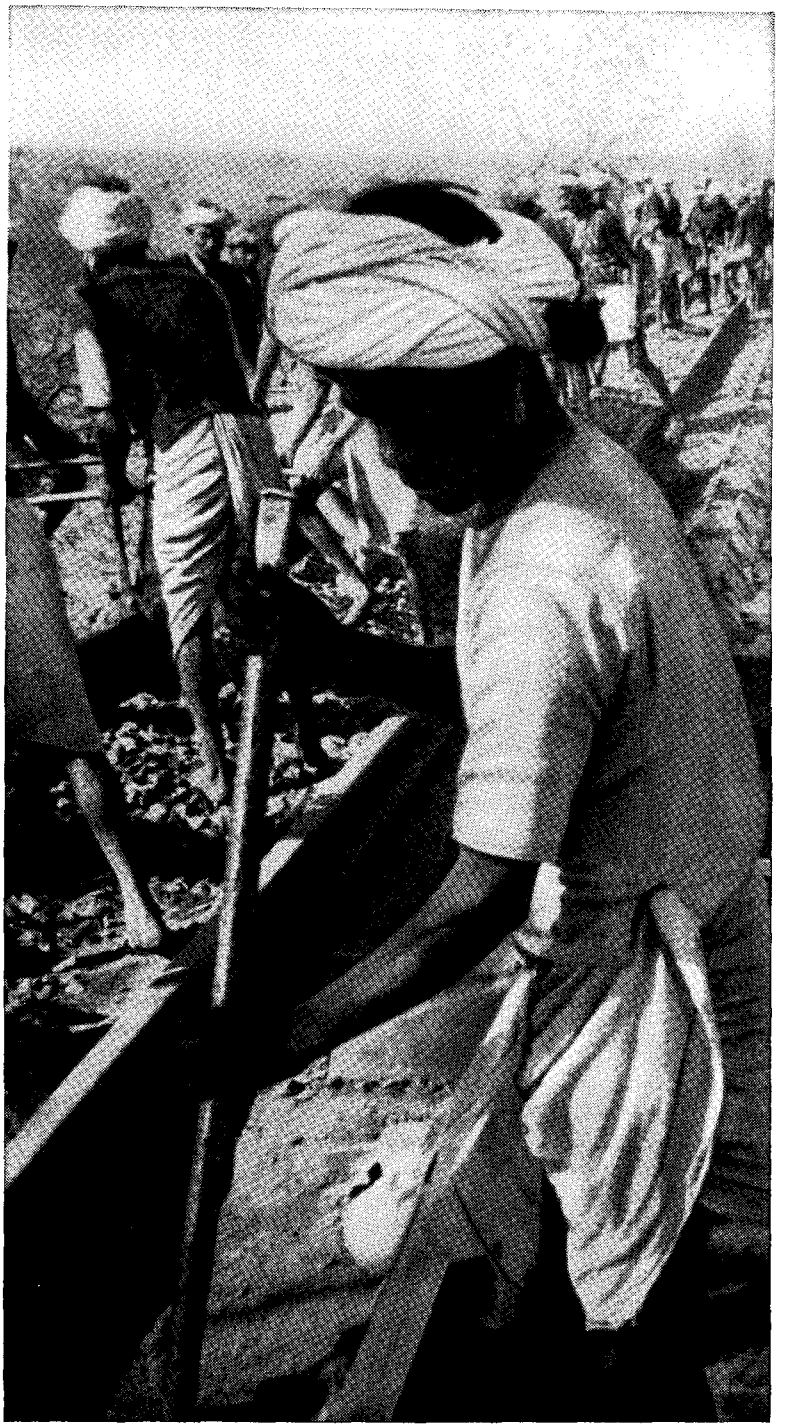
59177A(REV.)

ANACONDA®

SUBSIDIARIES OF ANACONDA MANUFACTURE: COPPER AND ALUMINUM ELECTRICAL WIRES AND CABLES; ALUMINUM FOIL, SHEET, ROD AND BARS, STRUCTURALS, TUBING AND EXTRUDED SHAPES; COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE SHEET, PLATE, TUBE, PIPE, ROD, FORGINGS AND EXTRUSIONS; FLEXIBLE METAL HOSE AND TUBING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mother India builds for the Diesel Age



Since 1949, India has pushed a widespread railroad improvement program.

Old track has been relaid, new track added. Modern equipment has been purchased . . . diesel locomotives . . . rolling stock. And service has been greatly improved.

As a result, India has grown industrially. In the period between 1951 and 1959, freight traffic on Indian railroads has increased some 40% . . . from 98 million tons to about 138 million tons. And estimates indicate an even greater growth in the near future.

All of which means that India has recognized the railroads for what they are — the backbone of a modern, growing industrial society.

* * *

In the United States, by contrast, public policies tend to ignore this basic truth.

Here, the government appears indifferent to the strength and stability of the railroads, while it promotes and encourages the railroads' competition.

Railroads are burdened with over-regulation and discriminatory taxation — while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

* * *

The railroads ask no special favors. All they ask is the equality of treatment and opportunity fundamental to the American concept of free enterprise. Granted this, the public would then be *assured* of the efficient, low-cost rail service which a dynamic economy and national defense demand.

ASSOCIATION OF

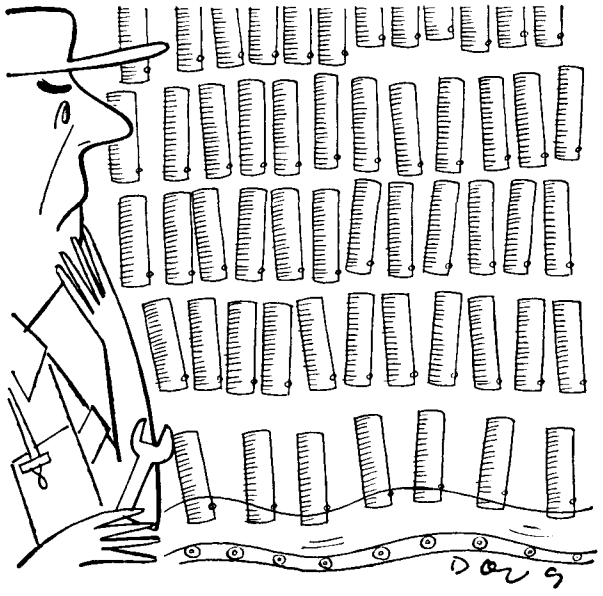
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
DECEMBER 12, 1959

WORK AS A PUBLIC ISSUE



By HARVEY SWADOS

". . . you'll be old and you never lived, and you kind of feel silly to lie down and die and to never have lived, to have been a job chaser and never have lived."
—Gertrude Stein, "Brewsie and Willie"

I DISCOVERED a few years ago, when I went to work on an auto assembly line, how little we Americans really know of the texture of each other's working lives. It had been many years since I had last worked in a factory, and I suppose that I assumed—like most people—that the basic problems of American workers had been solved through a combination of unionism and social legislation.

It came as something of a shock to discover that the one unifying force among all those men, so different from one another in ethnic background, educational attainment, and personal ambition, was hatred of their work. But if I was surprised to observe that among the men on the assembly line there was a near unanimity of contempt for what they did and a shame at their inability to earn their livings in a better way, I was doubly surprised that my middle-class friends found it difficult to accept this. In more than one case they preferred to believe that I was reading my own preconceptions into what the men on the line had told me—or that, if I was not grinding my own axe, I was naïvely magnifying the traditional American occupational gripe into an out-of-proportion shame and loathing. (There was an analogous reaction among some reviewers when, later on, I published a book of fiction based on the factory experience: although they confessed never to having seen, much less worked on, an assembly line, they were of the opinion that my picture was "exaggerated" or "overdrawn.")

Now this was strange. My friends of the middle class were frankly ignorant of the working lives of their fellow-Americans, and they were as eager for me to bring them the news as they had been to learn my reactions to the Australians, the Yugoslavs, or the Venezuelans back in the days when I had been a merchant seaman. But when they heard what I had to say they found it very difficult to accept it. Why?

For one thing, I think, we have come by insensible stages to the point of denying that serious problems still exist in this nation. With the single exception of juvenile delinquency (all too often considered not as a problem demanding solution but as a convenient theme for comic books, cheap novels, worse movies, and self-satisfied head-shaking), we have resolutely determined—influenced perhaps more than we realize by the ceaseless cajoling of an advertising culture—to look only on the sunny side of things, to believe indeed that if there is a dark side it exists only in the shadow cast by the Iron Curtain, or in the pathetically

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

underdeveloped lands. The surface statements are so much easier to live with. Thus, in regard to daily labor: Workingmen are now protected by powerful industrial unions; in any case, their employers have become more sophisticated and less ruthless; they are covered in sickness by Blue Cross, in unemployment by insurance, in old age by Social Security; they earn enough to purchase an array of commodities never before available even to Oriental potentates. How then can they be wretched or ashamed of what they do? How much more pleasant to believe that those who testify to the contrary are as extreme and out of touch as those who plead for recognition and consideration of such problems as the menace of mutual annihilation, the international degradation of popular taste, or the despoliation of the landscape by "developers," at the rate of 3,000 acres every twenty-four hours.

YET there is something more to this middle-class reluctance to face certain unpleasant realities, or to permit their legitimization as public issues. In the case of work, if we grant the possibility that millions of American workers may in truth be terribly discontented with their jobs, doesn't this arouse a consequent suspicion: that the growing white-collar classes are reluctant to admit this likelihood not only because it would disturb the comfortable mass-media concept of America as a land of blissful togetherness, but even more importantly because it would do violence to their own self-esteem by calling into question the basic worth and individuality of what they themselves are doing to earn a living? No one likes to be reminded that he is not in some way important as a contributing member of society. A restless young architect may very well tend to reject any picture which portrays the American mass-production worker as profoundly dissatisfied with his lot. While this architect may be regarded by his family and neighbors as a "professional man," he himself is all too sharply aware that he is doing nothing more than the most dull and deadening draftsman's work in a vault ranked with his similars, who know him to be nothing more than they are—all-but-anonymous units in the firm's labor force. In short, it is painful for him to be confronted with the evidence that the difference between him and the factory worker may be only one of degree. It is a pun that can hurt.

Nor is the young architect unique. Surely we must now realize that the young attorney, clerking in a huge law factory, or the young business administration graduate, disappearing into the paternal embrace of the giant corporation, can rarely get from his daily work the satisfaction—to say nothing of the thrill—that his father did. The fact that Americans are spending billions annually on "hobbies" does not mean to me that they are living richer lives, but rather that they are seeking elsewhere for the satisfactions of personal fulfillment that formerly came from the job of work itself.

The hidden bonds of boredom and frustration that link the lives—if they only knew it—of the professional man and the workingman are close to the surface in the working pattern of the burgeoning millions of clericals and technicians, which is so similar to that of the numerically declining working-class. The typist in the clattering cavern of a typical insurance office, indistinguishable from her sisters who tap the machines at their serried desks, the file clerk punching her Hollerith cards under the fluorescents in any of a dozen labyrinthine bureaucracies, the stock clerk running off labels in the automated shipping department of a rationalized department store—all these

may have their half-attentive ears filled all day with Strauss waltzes piped in by solicitous employers, their mouths filled with coffee piped in twice a day at the insistence of their union or their personnel supervisors. But what are their minds filled with? Year by year, day by day, what they do becomes increasingly routinized in the interest of production and efficiency, just as does the labor of the assembly-line worker.

No matter how far we push the parallel, however—and of course we can readily observe too the obverse, how factory workers are adopting the coloration of their middle-class counterparts in dress, housing, and personal taste—I would insist that the assembly-line proletarian's attitude towards his work and his job is qualitatively different from that of the middle-class man, even from that of the white-collar clerk.

The plain fact is that the man on the line today is a world away from the man who made the Model T's. A substantial proportion of the factory workers of the Fifties have had some secondary education; many are high-school graduates. What is more, they have been saturated with the propaganda of the mass media. They have accepted the prevailing values, they know what success means in American terms, and they are bitterly aware that they are trapped on the bottom of the heap. It is one thing to endure stupid, mindless, endless, maddeningly monotonous work if you are an immigrant desperately eager to get a toehold in a new world, to give your children the education that otherwise they could never get, and with the ugly memory of what you left behind always there to spur you on. It is quite another matter to face a lifetime of work in which you cannot possibly take any pride when everything in the air around you tells you that the only reason you are there is that you are unequipped to do anything else; that the only reason you stay there is that the salesman, that brassy voice of America, has conned you into overbuying in order that you may have the commodities, if not the prestige and the supposed satisfactions, of the middle-class; and that nothing but sterile fantasies and daydreams of escape can issue from repetitive work that is the butt of jokes and is regarded as degrading even by those who perform it.

I think we can confidently expect that more will be said of this problem in the years ahead, particularly as it becomes more apparent that the labor of the white-collar girl, or the technical man, is growing increasingly routinized and difficult to distinguish from assembly-line labor, both in its lack of relation to the finished product and in its ultimate effect as alienated labor on the self-respect and the mental responsiveness of those performing it.

At this point, however, it might be wise to attempt to distinguish the principal tendencies among those who have been so seriously concerned with work as to consider it a basic problem.

It has been grappled with on the one hand by technicians and on the other by social theorists. The technicians have not only conducted a considerable number of important experiments designed to measure such things as the relation of fatigue to boredom and the introduction of various incentives in a humanized work situation; they have also exercised considerable influence on the managerial classes. The reason for this influence is obvious enough: if you can show a plant manager that productivity will increase if he refines his techniques of handling his employees, you are going to have his ear. By the same token, I do not wish to act as a promoter in these pages for schemes based on the manipulation of working people with the end of max-

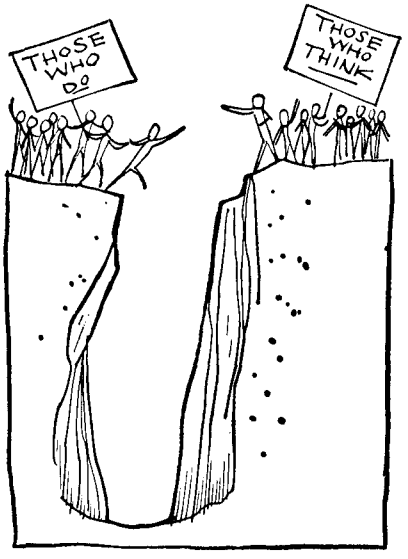
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imizing profits. No doubt the technicians and the business administrators would fervently deny that their aim is to manipulate people; but to me such a conclusion is the inescapable end product of an approach which begins not with human beings and their aspirations but with productivity and techniques for increasing it.

As for the social theorists, here too I think we can discern two main tendencies. The first, perhaps best articulated by David Riesman, concludes that it is impossible to build a modern industrial society, with an indefinitely rising standard of living, without the concurrent phenomenon of more and more people working at more and more standardized tasks. Nevertheless it perceives several rays of light: one, automation, which at least will reduce brute labor and repetitive work to a minimum, and at best will bring forth factories and offices in which workers will find their tasks more complex and hence more challenging; another, a vast increase in leisure with an inevitable four-day week and a consequent shifting of primary human interest from the job to the leisure-time activity.

The second theoretical tendency, led by men like Erich Fromm, Erich Kahler, and Daniel Bell, is unwilling to grant the inevitability of a social order in which sensibility is blunted and individual creativity stifled by forcing men and women to spend all their adult lives at tasks beneath their human dignity, tasks made palatable not by their social utility or their relation to any existing human desire, but solely by their wage. It searches for a way out by posing certain questions. Can people who work in factories be educated to participate in decision-making affecting their own working lives? Can productive facilities be decentralized to the point where their management can be at least partially controlled by the workers themselves? Can the experiences of small, utopian communities and small nations be profitably assimilated by highly industrialized countries?

Clearly there are soft spots in both theoretical positions. In the case of the "realists," can they expect us to embrace automation as a panacea simply because in certain specific industrial instances it introduces the necessity of a more highly trained work force? Is the supermarket clerk who from his hiding place stocks the gravity-fed shelves of canned goods going to be any happier than his father, who at least used to look his customers in the eye, and even on occasion talk to them? Will the operator who turns a dial at the prompting of a flickering oscilloscope feel any more warmth toward his work than the assembler who pounds an endless stream of truck doors into place with his mallet? And can we really believe that workers who increasingly hate what they do will make intelligent use of their increasing leisure time? Is it not more likely that, half-numb on the job, they will settle off



the job for those mass opiates which render them wholly numb?

And as far as the idealists are concerned, who seriously claims that the efforts of the Yugoslavs or the Israelis can be translated into the American industrial experience? Who has demonstrated that the time clock—its very existence an insult to anyone who presumably looks forward to his work—can be eliminated from assembly-line factories? Who is convinced that production can be democratically scheduled in a steel mill as in a communal jewelry-designing workshop? Who is sure that we are really so rich as to be able to afford a decline in productivity, if that should be a demonstrable result of putting people before productivity?

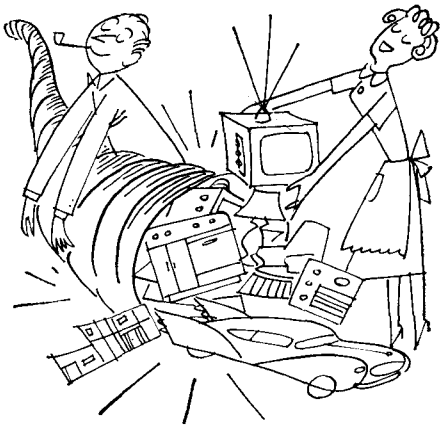
But to ask these questions, let us realize, is not to scoff at those who conscientiously address themselves to matters urgently important in the lives of millions of us. It is, rather, to indicate the terrible breadth of the chasm that separates those who *think* from those who *do*, those who *ponder* problems of power from those who *wield* power.

Inevitably, the existence of this chasm gives rise to improbable, often ludicrous situations. Paradox piles upon paradox in the land of opportunity, where millionaire candidates can vie for the favor of immigrant workers, and where the leader of Soviet communism, denied the ear of organized labor, can appear before capitalist politicians and businessmen, an honored guest gotten up in an Italian suit and handmade shoes, and assert that "As a former worker I extend particular greetings to the toilers who create the wealth of society."

Surely not the least of the paradoxes is the fact that while we know perfectly well what is wrong with the rest of the world, we are hard put to it to arrive at a consensus on the American way, which is supposedly synonymous with the right way. We are perhaps more democratic than any other nation, we have certainly been more productive; does this mean we are any happier? At the moment there is no way of knowing, for while we pride ourselves on our ability to determine to the decimal how our neighbors will vote, or how many of them can be mesmerized into buying a dentifrice that looks like a candy stick or an auto that looks like a beached whale, we simply don't know—yet another paradox—whether they are happy, whether they truly enjoy doing the things they have had to do to make this the most productive land on earth.

This observer suspects that they do not, that by and large they are more likely to lead lives of quiet desperation than of quiet satisfaction with work, family, and acquisitions. Let me concede at once that among those who argue the matter this is a minority view (which for some reason often provokes anguished outrage) and that it is based on a mixture of observation and hunch; but no more can be

(*Continued on page 45*)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Journalism of Book Reviewing

By Granville Hicks

WE ARE being told again that book reviewing in America is in a dreadful condition. The complaint is raised perennially and always with justification. There are few more depressing experiences than reading through a publisher's file of all the reviews of a particular book—almost any book. Many of the so-called reviewers, one discovers, have simply taken over the blurb. Others have read the book so superficially that they can't give an accurate report on its contents. Others are conscientious but inept; they have no perceptible qualifications for the job they have undertaken. Sometimes a book, especially a book by a new author, does not receive a single intelligent review.

But if there is no reason to be complacent about the state of book reviewing, I am not satisfied that we have had an adequate account of what is wrong. The most common charge is that reviewers are too lenient, and, of course, many of them are; otherwise it would not be so easy for publishers to lard their advertisements with ecstatic adjectives. That does not mean, however, that leniency is the only or even the principal evil, nor is it clear that we should be better off if all reviewers decided to get tough.

In the first place, the pose of toughness has its own dangers, the most obvious being the temptation to show off. The tough reviewer convinces himself and some of his readers that he has high standards and delicately cultivated tastes whereas often enough what he really has is nothing but a desire to prove that he is a superior person. If he can come up with a good wisecrack, he doesn't have to pay too much attention to the book.

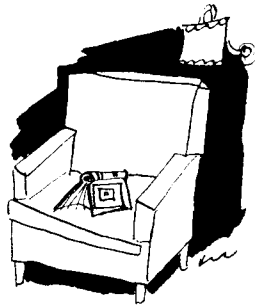
In the second place, leniency, though in itself no virtue, may be the sign of a virtue: receptivity. Sometimes, in reading a fiction chronicle in one of the quarterlies, I have had the impression that the author hated novels. The savageness of such a reviewer may be entertaining, but it is not instructive, and I prefer to be guided by one who is capable of a warm response. Too much generosity may be a fault, but lack of generosity is a disqualification.

In spite of the widespread belief that any halfway literate person can write a book review, the truth is that book reviewing is a difficult art. To begin with, the reviewer must be able and willing to read, and there are a lot of people who can't or won't—as any student of reviews is sadly aware. The reviewer must give himself to the book in hand and, so far as possible, do so without preconceptions. Reading a book ought to be an experience, perhaps painful, perhaps pleasant, but in any case one that engages the whole personality of the reader. Being human, the reviewer will encounter books to which he does not respond, but at least he can try.

AFTER being a reader, the reviewer becomes a reporter. It is not altogether simple to tell in the most concrete way what a book is about, and not everyone can do it. But that is the least of the reviewer's jobs. What he also has to do, and what is much harder to do, is to indicate the quality of the book. What, for instance, could you learn about "Mrs. Dalloway" from a summary of the story? We read reviews to find out not merely what a book is about but what it really is.

You cannot say what a book really is without making a series of critical judgments. Most reviewers like to sum up at the end ("This is a work of genius," or, "This is a better book than Mr. Blank's first novel," or, "This is a flop") and unwary readers assume that these summary statements are what constitutes criticism. On the contrary, the act of criticism goes on from the moment the reviewer reads the first sentence of a book, and his opinions are implicit in every line he writes. He is reporting on an experience he has had, an experience that involves what he is as well as what the book is. He may adhere to formulated esthetic theories, or he may be empirical and eclectic, but in either case he makes judgments and they are his judgments.

The fact that reviewing is necessarily subjective sometimes leads to the conclusion that one review is as good as another. This is nonsense. As I have been saying, much reviewing is superficial and conscienceless and has no value whatever. There are, moreover, great differences in the resources on which reviewers draw. The more fully a reviewer has exposed himself to literary experience, the more he will bring to the reading of a particular book. Well-informed reviewers may disagree drastically, but their very disagreements are instructive.



When book reviewing is under attack, it is often said that we need critics rather than reviewers. I am not sure what the attackers have in mind, but to me criticism is the attempt to see a body of literature in the largest possible setting—as nearly as may be *sub specie aeternitatis.* We have lots of critics around today; the quarterlies are full of their work, and very high-powered some of it is. I have no desire to disparage criticism, and there are some critics whose work I greatly admire. I do think, however, that there is a valid and important difference between criticism and book reviewing.

The latter is and should be a branch of journalism. The reviewer writes for his contemporaries, for what is known as the reading public, and he has a responsibility to them, a responsibility that will not be fulfilled if he presents them with a critical essay in the manner of the *Kenyon Review* or the *Hudson.* Some individuals who write excellent critical articles also write good book reviews, but their reviews are good because they recognize the responsibilities and the limitations of literary journalism.

I TRUST that I have made it clear that I do not have a low opinion of the book reviewer's trade. If we had better book reviewing, the audience for serious books might be larger and more experimental. I frequently encounter persons who say they would do more reading if they were able to select, from among the mass of books published in each season, those that they might hope to read with pleasure and profit. Their bewilderment is a sufficient indictment of the present state of book reviewing.

Getting tough is no solution. You can safely say of almost any novel that comes along that it is not so great as "The Brothers Karamazov," but the judgment, though true, is not particularly helpful. Neither, of course, is it useful to say a novel is one of the world's great masterpieces when it manifestly isn't. The reviewer's duty is to keep his eye on the book, on the whole of it, its faults and its virtues. What counts is neither toughness nor tenderness but responsibility.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION TOMORROW

Education by Proclamation

"Khrushchev and the Central Committee Speak on Education," by George S. Counts *(University of Pittsburgh Press. 66 pp. $2.50), offers a noted educator's commentary and analysis of the recent "theses" on Russian education, as well as a translation of their full text. Alvin C. Eurich, director and vice president of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, observed the Soviet educational system during a trip to the USSR in 1957.*

By Alvin C. Eurich

EVERYONE interested in American education should read and study this book. As the author rightly observes, the 1958 Soviet document on school reform and its relationship to the Communist state is probably "without precedent in the entire history of education."

Dr. Counts's concern with Russian education dates back over thirty years. In "The Challenge of Soviet Education" (1957), written well before the flood of post-Sputnik statements on our schools, he warned that Russian education was "one of the great and inescapable realities of the contemporary epoch, and one which free peoples can ignore only at their peril." Now Dr. Counts has rendered a distinctive service in making available for study one of the principal guideposts for Soviet education in the years ahead.

As background for understanding the present reform, the author traces the changes in post-Revolutionary Soviet schools. Self-criticism was always aimed at improving the education of children and developing better citizens for a Communist state. With this in mind we can view the more recent complaints, strongly expressed in several of Khrushchev's 1958 speeches and later in the theses, that "the school is separated from life, it is too bookish, and concentrates too much on preparing pupils for higher schools and membership in the privileged intelligentsia."

The document under discussion by Dr. Counts is the starting point for the most recent Soviet plan to reform and further improve their education. As a public paper it has no counterpart in American education. It is basic to the Seven-Year Plan for the development of Soviet economy and culture from 1959 to 1965. The major goal, clearly expressed, is to overtake and surpass the United States. A second objective is to bring Soviet society closer in line with the guiding principle of Communism, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." As education has been an integral part of the gigantic effort by which Russia in forty years has become the world's second most powerful nation it is now used to achieve the USSR plans for world supremacy in the next decade.

In this context the forty-eight theses on "strengthening the relationship of the school with life" begin by asserting that the "Soviet country is living through a period of extraordinary growth," in which the people have the decisive role in the fulfillment of the construction plans; that "the reservoir of the talents of the people of the Soviet land is inexhaustible," and that public education must be more effective in the creative activity of the people.

Theses 3 through 9 describe historically the growth of the Russian educational system and its relationship to the building of Communism. One of the chief vices of the old social order, they claim, was the gulf between physical and mental labor, which "brought harm to the intellectual development of mankind." The combination of education and productive work is the Communist Party line: it "confirms the scientific prevision of Marx, Engels, and Lenin," and thereby corrects this vice. Furthermore, as the nation's productivity has risen through application of these principles, more time becomes available for education, so that today fifty million persons are studying in the USSR. (This is about one-fourth of the nation, and is about the same proportion of the population we have in the schools of the United States.)

The essence of the proposed reforms for elementary and secondary education is spelled out in sections 10 through 25. To begin with, a compulsory eight-year school will replace the present seven-year elementary school. In general, the extra year is intended to coordinate socially productive work with the academic curriculum, to eliminate an excessive burden of studies, and to improve training in physical education and the arts.

For the second stage of instruction youth will receive a "complete secondary education" in three years. Most students will combine their instruction and productive work in two types of schools of *general* secondary education: (1) schools for working or rural youth, and (2) labor polytechnical schools with training in production. (These, combined with the new eight-year elementary courses, will gradually replace the present ten-year system within four to five years.) A third type of institution, the "technicum" (*specialized* secondary education), will continue to offer a course which combines a general education with vocational training at subprofessional levels.

—*Sovfoto.*

Premier Khrushchev greets a secondary school student—a pitch and a promise.

After dealing in some detail with vocational schools, and briefly with boarding schools, the remaining theses discuss higher learning. The stress is again on the close relationship between instruction and practice, teaching and production. Admission to higher educational institutions will be on a competitive basis, preference being given to students with a record of "practical work."

To accomplish the reform, teachers must keep up with advances in science, culture, and technology, and devote less time to pedagogy.

The theses as approved by the Central Committee of the Communist Party in November, 1958, and now made available to us in English by Dr. Counts, were immediately printed in an edition of one million copies, and widely distributed for nationwide discussion. In the United States it is difficult to conceive of any serious report on education receiving so vast a distribution. Some of the intelligentsia raised questions, as Counts points out, about the wisdom of requiring all youth to engage in work in industry or agriculture as a prerequisite for admission to institutions of higher education. And although Counts implies that discussion was perfunctory or one-sided, there is clear evidence, on the contrary, that it was heated, widespread, and intense.

From my observations I would con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clude that sharp debate of the proposals resulted in significant changes before the legislation reached its final form. Sir F. Cyril James, vice chancellor of McGill University, who made a first-hand study in Russia last spring, concurs in this view. Among the significant changes in the final proposals adopted as law some six weeks later, though not mentioned by Dr. Counts, are the omission of the section providing schools for the most talented children in the arts and academic subjects, changes in language instruction, and indications that the ablest students may not have to interrupt their schooling with two years of productive work. These modifications suggest that Counts minimizes the extent to which educational policies are now being changed by discussion in the Soviet Union.

Although Dr. Counts traces clearly the development of Soviet education since 1917, when he attempts to "set the record straight" he underestimates some of the forces currently operating in Russia. He corrects three of our most widely held but erroneous assumptions about Soviet education: (1) that the ten-year school with its stringent curriculum was established right after the 1917 Revolution, (2) that its curriculum was dominated by the natural sciences, and (3) that Sputnik's launching was a direct result of making all pupils take five years of physics starting in sixth grade. None of these beliefs, as Counts explains, is entirely valid.

However, the basis for Soviet scientific success which Counts offers in their place is weak. He ascribes it to scientists over fifty-five years of age (whose education pre-dated the ten-year schools), and to zealous transcription of the published work of other countries. Even if the scientists who most literally produced Sputnik were not taught five years of physics starting at age twelve, as Counts points out, the society that developed these scientists is one which naturally regards sustained study of physics as important. In other words, both the accomplishments of Soviet scientists and the curriculum's emphasis on physics have grown out of the same cultural and intellectual priorities.

The words of the Communists in the theses are noble to the Russians and frightening to us. We will be the losers if we merely sneer at them by asserting "these are only words, not deeds." When we say that we need only to recall our own Bill of Rights and consider the degree to which we have failed in reaching its ideals. Its words, however, have inspired us. If the expressions of the Communist leaders inspire their people, as we have reason to believe they do, in our own achievements we can measure the force of our adversary.

Learning for Self-Liberty

"The Child, The Parent, and The State," by James Bryant Conant *(Harvard. 211 pp. $3.50), enlarges upon the implications of the author's report on "The American High School Today." The study is reviewed by Ward Madden, associate professor of education at Brooklyn College, who is co-author of "Education and the Democratic Faith."*

By Ward Madden

JAMES BRYANT CONANT is rapidly becoming the Horace Mann of the twentieth century. Mann fought to help establish free, universal, public education—one of the greatest democratic ideas this country has ever produced. Today Dr. Conant is pointing more clearly than is any other influential figure to the minimal and essential things that must be done if we are to extend the great common-school tradition and make it adequate.

Earlier this year, in "The American High School Today" he gave us a first report on the two-year, Carnegie-financed study of which he is director. Now he offers, in "The Child, The Parent, and The State," his reflections upon the implications of that report.

If for Horace Mann the problem was to establish the common school as the means of universal educational opportunity, the equivalent problem for Conant is to strengthen that uniquely American institution, the comprehensive high school. The crisis within this institution is created by the fact that it must respond to an enormous range of needs: the needs of the gifted and the slow, the college-bound and the vocationally-oriented, the culturally-impoverished from the slums, and the children of the prosperous middle-class.

The cultural revolution of the last fifty years changed the secondary-school population from a relative exclusive homogeneous group preparing for the learned professions into a heterogeneous group from all the American subcultures, defined by social status, religion, urban-rural status, and ethnic background. Conant is struck by the apt way in which John Dewey pointed the way to a complete overhauling of a curriculum originally designed for only a limited group. Dewey emphasized the relating of civilization's cultural riches to the life-interests of the child, the studying of live social issues, and the scrutiny of occupations in such a broad human context as to be liberal rather than technical in spirit. These were the very ideas that were needed to meet the new situation in the schools.

To understand the heterogeneous social context of actual schools is to realize that no doctrinaire, over-all formula is

—Harvard University.

At the dedication of Harvard's James Bryant Conant Laboratories, Dr. Conant (second left) greets Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare; Professor Konrad E. Bloch, and President Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard . . . no formulas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible. Not the formula of rigorous intellectual discipline imposed upon all, regardless of background, need, or ability. Not the formula of disciplined scientific education for the few who can survive it, with the drop-outs left to shift for themselves, forgotten by school and society. And not the formula of a practical education for all, neglectful of the humanities and the intellectual disciplines which a great many students can study with profit.

What we need to do instead, Dr. Conant believes, is to create truly comprehensive secondary schools in which the whole range of educational values can be met. This, in fact, is the direction American education has been traveling these past several decades; the problem is to strengthen trends already under way. His program is tangible and concrete—simple to understand, but requiring the greatest national effort to execute, because it requires a will and costs money.

It consists of increasing the variety and depth of courses offered in the high school; of assuring, on the one hand, that every student able to profit therefrom can have a solid, high quality minimum of eighteen units of English, history, social studies, science, mathematics, and foreign language; of assuring, on the other hand, that every vocationally-oriented child can have access to the rich variety of technical courses now available only in the relatively few best schools; of consolidating undersized high schools so that the variety and quality of their courses can come up to standard (one-third of all American high school children are now in such schools); of increasing teacher salaries

(*Continued on page* 35)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 860

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 860 will be found in the next issue.

OLD XPOLDN'R LDKNO

MR OLD TLMQZ'R

RTLPPQNPPX.

—LDCNF EKNZ WDDTLDN.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 859

He's simply got the instinct for being unhappy highly developed.

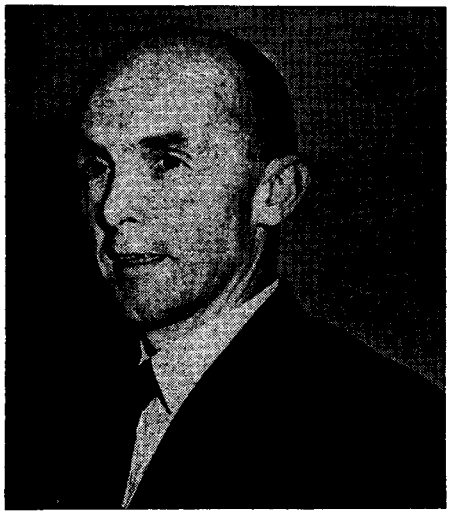
—Saki.

FICTION

Their Irish Eyes Aren't Smiling

***"The Native Moment," by Anthony C. West** (McDowell, Obolensky. 279 pp. $4.50), in Joycean fashion, follows an unusually articulate Irishman through his day in Dublin. Literary critic Harvey Curtis Webster's special interest is the contemporary novel in Britain and Ireland.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster



Anthony C. West—"No complicated symbolic structure, no stylistic pyrotechnics."

WHEN "River's End and Other Stories" was published last year, it should have been obvious to anyone who read it that Anthony C. West is a writer of great distinction. All of the stories in this first book are good; four, possibly five of them, are, in their own distinctive ways, as good as the better short stories of Frank O'Connor and James Joyce. Although they are, with one exception, Irish stories, they are not provincially Irish; Ireland is the microcosm that represents the macrocosm. West's men and women could live anywhere, yet they are firmly rooted in the Ireland that he knew intimately during the first twenty years of his life.

His first novel, "The Native Moment," inevitably invites comparison with Joyce's "Ulysses." Like that book, it confines itself to one day in Dublin that is supposed to represent any day. Unlike "Ulysses," it has no complicated symbolic structure, involves no stylistic pyrotechnics, and confines itself to the consciousness of one man, Simon Green. Except for its elliptical presentation of character in the early pages, "The Native Moment" is never obscure, never ostentatiously complex. It is full of fine scenes, intelligent insights, and unusual characters. Although there are times when the style becomes diffusely sentimental, as in the worst of Wolfe, generally the writing is excellent. And the action is continuously enticing, despite its necessarily slow motion.

Simon Green, from provincial Corran, comes to Dublin with Magnus Healy to deliver a truckload of potatoes. After the potatoes are delivered, he wanders about Dublin, spends a great deal of time at pubs, where he observes and talks with a representative group of Dubliners: Cathlin, the whore newspaper vendor; Laverty, the alcoholic who cannot believe he is not a big shot; Davey Rea, a revolutionary turned into a reluctant policeman; Keane, a bisexual dandy; an assortment of touts and roughs. On the street he observes, with the empathy he feels for everyone, a drunk trying to have intercourse with old Cathlin. For part of the night he sleeps with Keane because he is almost broke, leaves when Keane becomes actively homosexual. The rest of the night he spends with the prostitute Lena, "a sort of saint," talking with her and sleeping, finally acquiescing passively to her desire for him. In the morning he is about to go back to Corran to marry Tamar, whom he loved once and sees still as a symbol of Ireland's (and mankind's) potential goodness, although he knows she has slept with many men and is pregnant with another man's child. When he learns she is dead, he decides not to return to Corran but to walk along the Liffey until contact with natural things cleanses and refreshes him so that he can return to and bear the sordor of Irish life.

Simon is also, unfortunately, continuously thinking and talking in a too explicitly didactic way about almost everything. "Between Darwin, Spengler, Loyola, and a pig's backside," there's a negligible difference. He finds it strange that the Irish eyes he sees "betray hopelessness in such a soul-safe nation." He talks and thinks endlessly of his church ("the world, evolution the ritual, an' man the celebrant"), of how Ireland is "balanced precariously between church an' pub, each institution quite indispensable to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other, and squeezing the state dry between them," of how he's a "not-yet man like all the rest," of Heaven as here or nowhere, of the creed of humanism that involves love and acceptance of all men and all aberrations because of the potential that inheres in every man, however spoiled.

This kind of moralizing spoils the novel. However much one agrees with what Simon says and thinks, he wishes that the didacticism were less profuse, more a natural product of Simon, less an overlarding with honorable clichés. And there are other failings in "The Native Moment": Ophion, the eel he carries everywhere, is an absurd "sacred symbol of eternal life"; Tamar, the girl he wants to marry, never becomes real enough as a person for the reader to feel that Simon's love of her is anything more than the carrying to its logical extreme of his philosophical humanism.

As the early stories and portions of "The Native Moment" show, West knows better than he has written. The long scene at the pub is as good, in its distinctive way, as the Night Town scene in "Ulysses." The scene with the prostitute Lena is good beyond comparison with anything else I know. As it is, one accepts West's novel with gratitude and disappointment, hoping that the next one will express his viable philosophy with dramatic indirection as he notably did in the best of "River's End and Other Stories."

Footloose in Figueira da Foz

"The Golden Cage," by Tereska Torres; *translated by Meyer Levin (Dial. 217 pp. $3.50), relates the events of one summer in the lives of some urbane European exiles. William Wise is the author of "Jonathan Blake."*

By William Wise

EARLY IN the summer of 1940 a handful of well-to-do refugees arrived in Figueira da Foz, a Portuguese summer resort on the Atlantic Ocean. Before they could obtain their visas to Brazil, England, or the United States, three months passed. Tereska Torres's latest novel tells the story of these months, and of the conflicts and passions that are stirred to life among a group of idle travelers.

Miss Torres begins swiftly and with professional assurance as she sketches the varied backgrounds and personalities of three of the refugee families: of the Nordmans from Warsaw, the Fribourgs from Brussels, and the Lelongs from Lyons. In each family there is a teen-age child, and at first we are led to believe that the youngest, fourteen-year-old Janka Nordman, will serve as the principal character of the novel.

But in this Miss Torres mysteriously deceives us. There is to be no principal character. Instead, Janka, the older girl, Odile Lelong, and the boy, Emmanuel Fribourg, alternately share the center of the stage with their parents, and then with a number of other characters. These include Ariane, a glamorous Continental movie star; Ludovic, an unsavory gentleman from Middle Europe; Pamela Woodridge, an English divorcee; her two teen-age daughters, Kiki and Debby, and, last but not least, Roderigo, a wealthy Portuguese sensualist, who prefers women to men but who can enjoy neither without the stimulus of "rare" books and exotic photographs.

By the time Miss Torres has assembled this cast of sixteen or eighteen adults and children and placed them in relation to one another, half of her brief novel is over—and certain shortcomings have become apparent. All the deftness in shifting scenes, all the briskness of style, all the accuracy in recording speech and physical descriptions cannot conceal the fact that without exception her characters have remained little more than sketches.

Nor can Miss Torres's skills conceal a second fact—that most of her characters, both children and adults, are so relentlessly absorbed in questions of sex that their innumerable encounters, solicitations, and seductions finally become not only tedious but slightly incredible. Too often, Miss Torres seems willing to settle for second best. Too often, she is in such haste that a complex human relationship is allowed to resolve itself before sufficient thought or insight have been brought to bear on it. If "The Golden Cage" were the work of an untalented writer, it could be dismissed without regret. But Miss Torres's gifts are undeniable; it is her failure to use them to the utmost that makes her latest novel a disappointment.

FLY'S-EYE VIEW: Not surprisingly, Allison MacKenzie, the heroine of "Peyton Place," is the leading lady in Grace Metalious's sequel, **"Return to Peyton Place"** (Messner, $3.95). She is also a writer who rises to fame and fortune on the wings of a first novel. To Allison this means New York, Hollywood, ex-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CHRISTIANS AND JEWS

Novels and plays involving attraction, love affairs, and marriages between Christians and Jews have been popular ever since Lorenzo ran off with Jessica and Ivanhoe rescued Rebecca. John Appel of Philadelphia asks you to assign thirty lovers to the books in which they met, loved, or wed. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 36.

1. "Abie's Irish Rose"	( ) Joe Feinberg	( ) Mary McCarthy
2. "A Jew in Love"	( ) Irving Davidowsky	( ) Mary Simpson
3. "A Stone for Danny Fisher"	( ) Mark Eisen	( ) Mary Sherrod
4. "Eagle at My Eyes"	( ) Simon Rosedale	( ) Babe Wiliams
5. "East River"	( ) Abe Nussbaum	( ) Nellie Petito
6. "Earth and High Heaven"	( ) Sid Sorokin	( ) Lily Bart
7. "The Enemy Camp"	( ) Danny Fisher	( ) Kitty Foyle
8. "The House of Mirth"	( ) Abraham Levy	( ) Tillie Marmon
9. "The Island Within"	( ) Daniel Gordon	( ) Rosemary Murphy
10. "Kitty Foyle"	( ) George Hurst	( ) Lady Brett Ashley
11. "Lie Down in Darkness"	( ) Leopold Bloom	( ) Peyton Loftis
12. "7½ Cents"	( ) David Reiser	( ) Marian Tweedy
13. "The Sun Also Rises"	( ) Harry Miller	( ) Erica Drake
14. "Ulysses"	( ) Arthur Levy	( ) Katie Morrow
15. "Whisper My Name"	( ) Robert Cohn	( ) Elizabeth Knight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pensive hotel suites, champagne, and a middle-aged married lover. But eventually Allison, who goes after the Hollywood concept of the good things in life with both hands, is chastened by a violent accident in which her lover is killed. She then settles down and begins a second book in her mother's small, cozy, sun-filled house in Peyton Place, which hasn't changed.

Selena Cross, Allison's best friend, almost commits another murder during an unfortunate love affair, but ends up marrying the right man; Tom Carter's mother plans to do away with her son's sexually unbalanced wife, and instead is murdered herself; Leslie Carrington finds his dead son's mistress, whom he had run out of town, claims his illegitimate grandson, and is made to pay, pay, pay; and so forth—all of which is an example of the disturbing tendency on the part of an increasing number of writers to capture the reader's attention, and even acclaim, solely by forcing him to be a fly on the bedroom wall. But it takes more than spying on the eating, drinking, and love-making habits of Mr., Mrs., and Miss America to make a memorable novel. Miss Metalious's prose flows along easily, but it lacks freshness and is often ungainly. Her characters are apt to run instead of walk, yell instead of exclaim; they invariably express the obvious emotion in the most appropriate cliché.

—Elizabeth Bayard.

PAPER DOLLS: Second novels are supposed to be peppered with pitfalls, and it cannot be denied that Kushwant Singh's **"I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale"** (Grove, cloth, $3.95; paper, $1.95), falls into most of them. It is sometimes interesting in spite of one-dimensional characters, heavy-handed plotting, a flattened climax, and dollops of sex piled on irrelevantly. Singh's earlier novel, "Mano Majra," won acclaim here as a fine dramatic picture of India torn by partition. One wonders why he chose to patch up a scrapbag of conventions this time.

"I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale" tells the story of the rising tides of nationalism in India during World War II, when the Cripps mission collapsed and the Indian people lashed out in frustration. This dramatic moment is shown in the lives of two families, one Sikh, one Hindu. But the telling fumbles, and the story falls. Much of the book is awkwardly devoted to the rambles of pasteboard people through bed and bower.

The book is saved somewhat, however, by an easy style and by the charm and interest of its picture of the Punjab land and the Sikh people, whom the author knows well and loves.

—Rosanne Archer.

THE PAST

Flashes of Some Founding Fathers

"Prospects of a Golden Age," by John Dos Passos *(Prentice-Hall. 271 pp. $7.50), pinpoints why there were great men in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century in this country. Princeton History Professor Eric F. Goldman is the author of "Crucial Decade" and other books. He frequently moderates the New York TV program "The Open Mind."*

By Eric F. Goldman

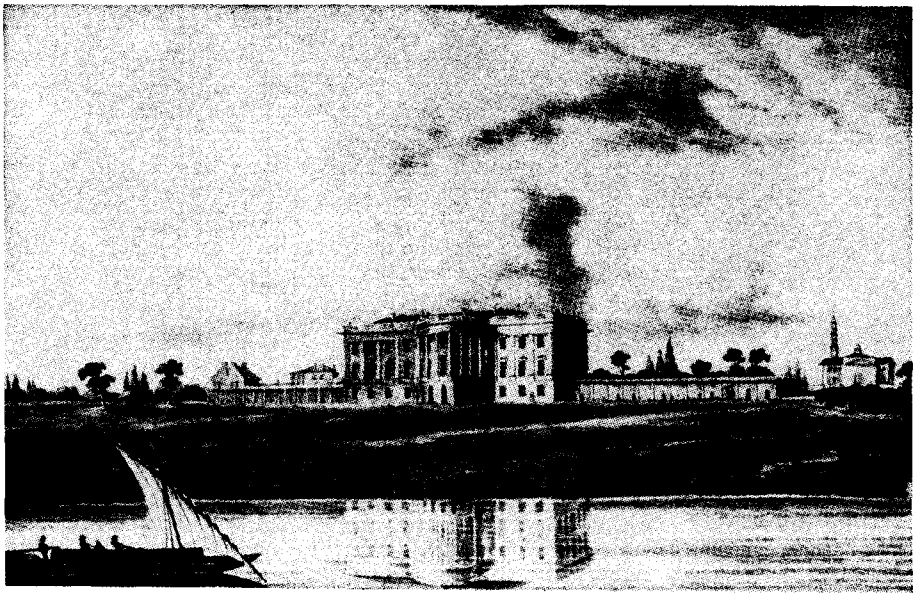
SEVERAL weeks ago, when the play fashioned from "U.S.A." was about to open in New York, John Dos Passos was interviewed. How, he was asked, did he explain the fact that he was an ardent radical in the 1930s and yet by 1956 was so conservative that he supported the States Rights Presidential candidacy of T. Coleman Andrews, who even called for abolishing the income tax? Was this not the old story of the young radical grown successful, weary, and cynical?

Not at all, Mr. Dos Passos replied. "I've always been sharpshooting from the edges . . . I think the only people who have any fresh ideas today are the conservatives. Of course, I don't agree entirely with the conservatives. But I'm glad they're operating. They are interested in individual liberty. This has always been my main interest."

Mr. Dos Passos's latest book, "Prospects of a Golden Age," is decidedly a product of his present mood. It is history that proclaims the virtue of liberty in the older, conservative meaning of the word. Running his story from the late eighteenth to the early nineteenth century in America, he directs the book to the general point that the founders of the United States understood true freedom and erected the foundations of the country in its image. This is why they were great men and why, whatever their political differences, they could confidently join in "prospects of a golden age."

MR. Dos Passos roams in a leisurely way through many areas of American life. The account is not comprehensive and it is not intended to be; it is, as the author states, an offering of "some snatches and samples of the lives of some of the men" who made the era notable. The first section of the book treats the surveyors, seafarers, painters, and lawyers. A second part revolves around George Washington, whose leadership in the age was marked by an invaluable "sense of the whole, the skilful self-restraint of a leader who knew how to lead just so far and no further." The third section treats the writers, travelers, explorers, craftsmen, mechanics, and architects.

The volume contains few fresh facts



—*From the book*

The White House and St. John's Church as Latrobe and Jefferson left them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but Mr. Dos Passos has read widely in the existing literature and he presents his material, as might be expected, with verve and a sure sense of portraiture. The occasional lengthy quotations he uses from contemporary documents, artfully picked and edited, and a number of well-chosen illustrations add to the interest of his pages.

All in all, it is quite a story that Mr. Dos Passos tells. America in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was a land with an extraordinary number of gifted men and a general atmosphere of ingenuity, imagination, and hard sense. There were the Constitution makers, contriving a form of government which much of the Western world has admired for more than a century. There were the painters, working away amid the crudeness of a new civilization and still producing within remarkably few decades a Benjamin West, a John Copley, and a Charles Peale. And the architects, surmounting even fierce politics to get the city of Washington on its way toward a fresh republican style of building. Moreover it was all done with a dawn-world, crimson-shot psychology that assumed endless prospects in a limitless future.

As Thomas Jefferson wrote to the architect Benjamin Latrobe, after the White House and the Capitol's two wings were done: "I shall live in the hope that the day will come when an opportunity will be given you of finishing the middle building in a style worthy of the two wings, and worthy of the first temple dedicated to the sovereignty of the people, embellishing with Athenian taste the course of a nation looking far beyond the range of Athenian destinies." Probably no other period in American history offers the writer a story that is so generally inspiriting, and this book does the tone of the era full justice.

WHATEVER the qualities of the volume, reviewing it is nevertheless a curious experience. After all, the author *is* John Dos Passos, who meant so much to the upcoming generation of the1930s because of his insistence that the idea of "liberty" must be constantly reinterpreted to meet new social needs.

The message of this book, plain enough in its pages, *is* further emphasized by Mr. Dos Passos's statements of recent years — a message that we should give up the aspirations of the Thirties for a "liberty" defined according to the needs of almost two centuries ago. One finishes this volume a little sad and more than a little puzzled, wondering, as the recent interviewer of Mr. Dos Passos did, just what has been going on in the mind of this major American writer.

Twice Elected but Never Immortal

"In the Days of McKinley," by Margaret Leech *(Harper. 686 pp. $6.95 until Jan. 1, subsequently $7.50), examines with a kindly but clear eye one of our lesser Presidents. Harold U. Faulkner is the author of "Politics, Reform, and Expansion: 1890-1900" and "The Economic History of the United States."*

By Harold U. Faulkner

WILLIAM McKINLEY, twice elected President of the United States, was assassinated in 1901 by a demented anarchist. It has taken more than a half century to produce a first-class biography of a second-class President. Except for historians, probably few people know much about McKinley and, if they do, wonder why anyone would bother to write or revive the days of McKinley.

A kindly, cordial, and handsome gentleman, McKinley was loved and respected by his innumerable friends. Except for a high tariff isolation, and prosperity, he seemed to be dedicated to few things and with respect to these he often changed his mind. His education was meager: a half year in college (Allegheny) and a year in a law school (Albany) covered his formal knowledge.

After a few years as a practising lawyer he spent the balance of his life as a politician—as a member of the House of Representatives, two-times Governor of Ohio, and President of the nation from 1897 to 1901. In Congress he voted twice for silver bills; then, under the influence of Hanna, turned around and campaigned in 1896 for the gold standard. McKinley preferred to center his campaign on increasing the already high tariff, and his first move as President was to call a special session to do so. Of all his interests, the tariff was closest to his heart; it was the only important problem he knew much about.

A typical politician with his ear always to the ground, he gave way time and again to popular demands that he opposed. With four years' service in the Civil War behind him, he wanted peace, and his negotiations with Spain over Cuba ended any need for armed conflict. But the howls and demands of Congress and the country broke him down. Having won his own demands from Spain, he let Congress have its war. Said Senator Spooner: "I think . . . possibly the President could have worked out the business without a war, but the current was too strong, the demagogues too numerous, and the fall elections too near."

McKinley had asserted that we were not interested in annexation of land, but after long cogitation he finally decided to take all of the Philippine Islands. There was much opposition in the Senate, but McKinley's treaty was ratified by one vote more than the necessary two-thirds. The President once said to a friend: "If old Dewey had just sailed away when he smashed the Spanish fleet, what a lot of trouble he would have saved us." This was only too true, but McKinley as usual again made the wrong decision. The more he thought about a problem the more likely he was to be wrong.

Politics rather than specific abilities have often determined the formation of American Cabinets. McKinley had twice offered Mark Hanna a Cabinet post, but Hanna preferred to be in the Senate. To make this possible McKinley induced Senator John Sherman to take the State Department chair and make a place for Hanna. Russell A. Alger, an old friend of McKinley, was made Secretary of War. Both were aged and incompetent and both were later forced to resign. This type of mistake was typical of McKinley's Administration.

It was a widely-held belief in the country that McKinley was a tool of Hanna and of the wealthy businessmen. Miss Leech, however, gives a different picture. McKinley was not the foil of Hanna or his errand boy; quite the opposite, Hanna was McKinley's man. After the campaign of 1896, the author has little to say about Hanna. But in reality it makes no difference. McKinley was quite as earnest as Hanna in promoting business and prosperity. Only four cases were instituted under the Federal antitrust law during McKinley's Administration, and none were instituted during 1900 and 1901. However, it is only fair to say that both McKinley and Hanna took a much more humane attitude toward labor than did the average employer.

Since McKinley left no personal papers and rarely wrote private letters, Miss Leech's work was difficult. His political life was one of excessive cautiousness and except for his public utterances, "the record of the spoken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A BRACE OF BEATNIKS?

What happened to Arthur Koestler and William Faulkner—??? Have just had the opportunity to read your reprint of their remarks [*SR*, Nov. 14]. Have these egg-heads gone beatnik on us? Gentlemen, gentlemen, shave off those itty-bitty goatees, get out of those espressos—come on and join the community of blacks and whites—reds, yellows, what have you—who are eager to help make this old spot in the Milky Way stay in orbit a few million more years. Stop looking back in anger. Look forward in hope and joy.

Emanuel Jacoby.

Rego Park, N.Y.

ADUMBRATION A LA MODE

My heartiest congratulations for the Arthur Koestler article "Dawn of the Prefab Era" [*SR*, Nov. 14]. Of course, the main reason I liked it so much is because I agreed with it so completely. But, aside from that, it was the best thing in *SR* in a long time, and it is the least one-sided description of social trends that I've come across in an even longer time.

Martin Giesbrecht.

Wilmington, O.

OF MORALS AND MENSURATION

Mr. Lear's article on "The Origin of Species" [*SR*, Nov. 14] seems to be a complete nonsequitur. After quoting approvingly from Dr. Polak's paper that "Spiritual activity assumes a spiritual agency operating within the evolutionary process" Mr. Lear trots out the familiar fundamentalist interpretations of scripture and the antiscientific pressures which they generated in order to discredit the religious experience. Surely, Mr. Lear must realize that his antithesis between science and religion has no relevance for our time. It is now generally recognized that whereas science deals with those areas in which man can measure, compute, and observe cause and effect, relative to its physical universe, religion concerns itself with the area of values and moral judgment. Man's need to relate himself to the universe, to attempt to answer the why and wherefore of his existence is just as real a part of his experience as the search for objective truth through the scientific discipline.

David J. Seligson.

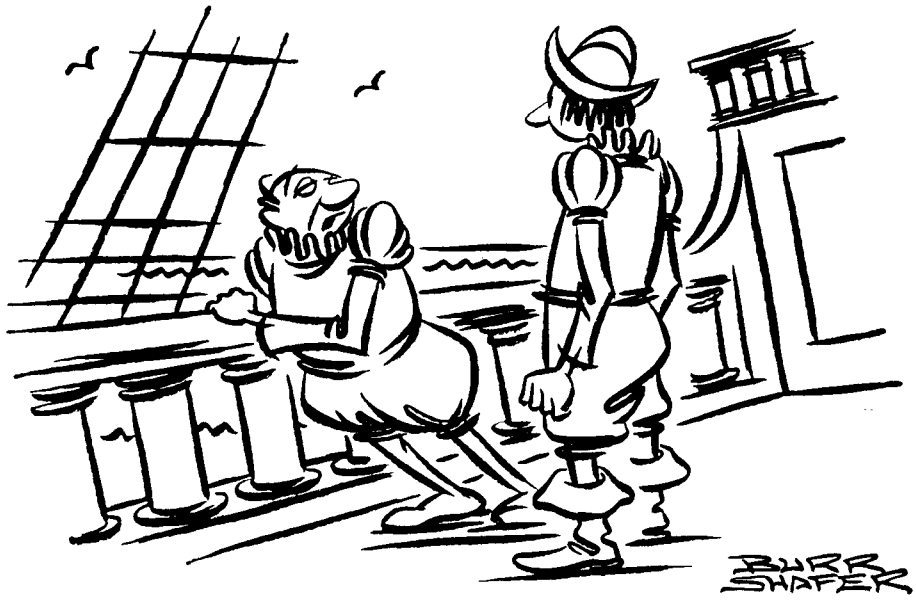
New York, N.Y.

GRACE NOTE

This is just a word to tell you that Clifton Fadiman's introduction to "The Case for Basic Education," which I first read in *Saturday Review* [Sept. 12], is the best-reasoned piece that it has been my privilege to read on this subject. I wish I had written it myself! But since I did not, I shall take the liberty of quoting you liberally, and of continuing to try to practice the kind of education you delineate. With appreciation of your rare and succinct description of what education ought to be doing at the Foundation level.

Seymour St. John.

The Choate School
Wallingford, Conn.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"It's just the way this one rolls. I'm sure I'd be all right on the Nina or the Pinta."

CREED NO CRITERION

As a catholic and a subscriber to the *Saturday Review*, let me commend Mr. Elmo Roper for his "fog-dispelling" editorial "The Myth of the Catholic Vote, [*SR*, Oct. 31]. I am sure that most free-thinking Americans, in the proper sense of the term, base their voting criteria on the basis of the individual's suitability for the office, not on the restrictively blind prejudice of creed.

George Ryan.

Portland, Oregon

ALL FOR AMORY

Although i am not a "dear editor" sort of person, I do feel moved to write and tell you how much I enjoy Cleveland Amory's "First of the Month." From Mrs. K's "rump-sprung suit" protest by Mr. Amory to his approach to teaching history in the public schools [*SR*, Oct. 3], I go along with Mr. Amory all the way! I think that *SR* is indeed fortunate to have Mr. Amory as a columnist, and speaking as a teacher, I have high hopes that such a voice lifted in its behalf may give education a much-needed face lifting! My only quarrel with "First of the Month" is that it is not a weekly feature. Why not change it to "End of the Week"? How lovely to get Mr. Amory right along with the football scores!

Edna Pettigrew.

Florence, S.C.

PUNDITS ANONYMOUS?

Re your John Dewey issue [*SR*, Nov. 21]: sandwiched between the protective essays of Professors Geiger, Ratner and Villemain, the "group of young philosophers of education" still finds it necessary to write anonymously, *i.e.*, as a group. Despite Professor Geiger's prior assurance to the reader that the "manifesto" will not resort to the popular misuse of the word "creative," the young philosophers advise the schools to foster "the ability to act creatively." Bypassing this point on the assumption that we all understand what this means, I should like to know whether the hyphen has become the symbol of creative writing. I refer to such sloppy and needless compressions as "Dewey-inspired," "affective-qualitative and ideational-cognitive," "qualitative-esthetic," "strict-subject-matter," "rigid-fact-oriented," "ends-in-view," "democratic-creative," and others. The young-philosopher-inspired result-fact appears to be the quantitative-repetitive creation of meaning-lacking *clichés*.

John G. Weiger.

Burlington, Vt.

CREATIVELY INARTICULATE?

Am i alone in thinking that your John Dewey centennial issue [*SR*, Nov. 21] is four-fifths hot air? It is not that I don't admire the effort to be liberal and high-minded, but would it be too much to expect of these manifesto-writers that they express themselves in sensible and useful English?

If this is what Creative Education leads to, I'm against it.

Gerald Warner Brace.

Belmont, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At last I have found it!"
"Such rare pleasure is worth the seeking. For to me, this is the perfect Scotch!"
THE ANTIQUARIAN

THE "ANTIQUARY"
DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY
86.8 PF. CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y. C. 19

For The Best Poetry of
LAWRENCE LIPTON
"The Holy Barbarians"
Read PRISMATIC VOICES
$4
A Distinctive New Anthology
Published By
THE FALCON'S WING PRESS
INDIAN HILLS, COLORADO

"A FABULOUS and ENCHANTING PLAY!"
—Atkinson, TIMES
PADDY CHAYEFSKY's NEW HIT
the tenth man
Directed by TYRONE GUTHRIE
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: Orch. $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50 (Tax Incl.). Encl. self-addressed, stamped env. and suggest 3 alternate dates.
BOOTH THEATRE, 45 St. W. of Bway., N. Y. 36

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

An Innocent at Home

OF ALL THE RECENT Broadway portraits of public figures, I like "**Fiorello!**" best. One reason for this preference may be the fact that the late Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, of New York City, did not have a sympathy-getting affliction like F.D.R.'s polio, Warren G. Harding's weakness for choosing flagrantly dishonest companions, or Harry Golden's jail record. Onstage these handicaps tend to evoke stereotyped responses from audiences, and it is only the fact that they really happened that lifts them above the hearts-and-flowers level. Luckily, La Guardia's greatness seems to have consisted in his zeal for driving towards any goal he cherished with childish impetuosity and clownish antics, but with the saving grace of recognizing all the time what he gained and lost in the process.

In the new musical, Jerome Weidman and George Abbott have been strict and unevasive in writing the title role. And actor Tom Bosley, as a fine artist should, captures more of La Guardia's essence than the man did himself when he was alive.

The curtain goes up on the Little Flower reading the funnies over the radio to children during a newspaper strike. It is immediately hilarious to hear this familiar, high-pitched voice pumping excitement into an inane comic strip story. But the exaggerated villain in the funnies reminds Fiorello of a political crook he once knew, and the audience at once senses the show's most subtle point, namely, that public figures tend to grow into the self-perpetuating caricatures of the public identities they choose for themselves.

The show then goes back to the World War I period when La Guardia was a young lawyer, and we see how he persuades his office staff to work overtime to help him in his energetic crusade to get his poor and oppressed clients out of their various troubles. "I have yet to see the meek inherit the earth," sings the clerk, "but *we* inherit *them*." The first song, "On the Side of the Angels," is a classic. For it Sheldon Harnick has written three different sets of words, each illustrating the attitude towards La Guardia of 1) a young idealistic assistant, 2) an old, tired clerk, and 3) a secretary in love with her boss. And Jerry Bock has composed for this number a plaintive melody that is the most memorable of all the tunes in the show.

From this point on, we watch the peppery little lawyer astutely seize an opportunity to run for Congressman in a fallow district. In one stunning number, "Politics and Poker," an atmosphere of ward-heeling and political double-dealing is created. The smoke-filled room is a somnolent fortress that can be taken by surprise, which is exactly the way La Guardia assaults it. Then he goes out to stir up the voters by appealing to three groups. He captures the working man by helping some strikers win their walkout against a corrupt management. The Italian-American vote he corrals by using his one-half Italian parentage. And the Jewish vote responds to him because he is one-half Jewish and is able to address them in Yiddish.

I don't know why the spectacle of this scooting little man furiously campaigning in a scene that eventually explodes into a spirited kozatski street dance should be such thrilling theatre, but it is. Perhaps it has something to do with the fundamental purpose of musical comedy being a celebration of the triumph of innocence. If so, this may also explain why Fiorello La Guardia makes such an ideal character for a musical.

While the show cannot maintain the fast pace it sets in the early scenes, it does the next best thing. It retains the truthfulness of its view of La Guardia, and now and then finds a brilliant way in which to satirize the political circus of the Twenties and early Thirties. Particularly memorable is a song about Jimmy Walker which "unwittingly" reveals the sometime mayor of New York City as a playboy as well-known in all the watering places of Europe as in those at home. This is followed by a frantic, 1928 chorus-girl, tap-dance routine staged with robust, satiric vigor by choreographer Peter Gennaro. And finally there is a show-stopping song, "A Little Tin Box," which features a city official—sardonically played by Howard Da Silva—explaining in tones of shocked innocence how from a meager salary he was able to put aside enough pennies to buy a mansion, a yacht, and a Rolls-Royce, among other comforts.

The rest of the proceedings are somewhat less successful. The comic sub-plot (about a good-hearted scatterbrain who falls in love with a corrupt policeman) flourishes or fades, depending on whether or not you are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiastic about the energetic carryings-on of a cute young comedienne named Pat Stanley. And because La Guardia was married twice, the show has the complex task of making us believe in not one but two romances. The first Mrs. La Guardia is played by Ellen Hanley, a tall, beautiful blonde with a well-trained voice. Miss Hanley's most effective number, the nostalgic ballad "Tomorrow," scores mainly because scene-designers William and Jean Ekart and director Abbott have captured in it the simple softness of a remembered evening. Her other effort is a plot song, of some interest because it tries to explain how a woman who married without love came to acquire it. The trouble here is that we have not been prepared for it, and it therefore seems just a sentimental eulogy. And Fiorello's romance with the second Mrs. La Guardia begins to move a little too late in the day for Patricia Wilson to do very much with it, despite her nice delivery of "The Very Next Man," a song for all potential old maids.

But the effective focus of "Fiorello!" is on the less personal parts of the story, the picture of New York and its politics, and the volatile figure of its most colorful citizen. This is done so well that you won't want to quibble about the peripheral material. For "Fiorello!" is the best musical since "West Side Story," which in some respects it surpasses.

THE American Friends Service Committee is touring Philip Lewis's docudrama, "Where the Wind Blows" with author Albert Bigelow as narrator. The project is a well-intentioned effort to arouse the American citizen to support a foreign policy of non-violence. As theatre it is nothing extraordinary, a four-actor reading that ridicules recognizably common public attitudes towards the inevitability of war and makes fun of the existing atomic and missile race. And by creating an imaginary heckler, who near the end is miraculously won over to the theory of non-violence, it tries to persuade the audience of the efficacy of its point of view.

But missing from the proceedings is a sense of desperation and anger about a desperate and anger-making subject. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect advocates of non-violence to appear passionate in their argument. But because they do not, "Where the Wind Blows" does little more than spread some interesting information. While this keeps it from being a waste of our time, and indeed prepares us intellectually for a change of thinking, it does not stir us, as documentaries should, to some new resolve. —HENRY HEWES.

MOËT

The Great Champagne of France

From the fabulous fifteen mile cellars of Moet & Chandon, Epernay. Dom Perignon, also by Moet & Chandon, is available in limited quantities.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y. • Importers since 1794

NEW FROM SKIRA ART BOOKS

great centuries of painting series

GREEK PAINTING

by Martin C. Robertson

100 color reproductions $25.00

NOW A BIGGER GIFT VALUE THAN EVER!

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

Illustrated • Special 1959 Supplement • 2348 pages • "Without a peer in the English language."—*Scientific American* • $35.00

COLUMBIA

ANTIQUE MAPS

300 rare original maps of great beauty and color from the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries are described in our new catalogue. Prices range from $10. to $150. 34 of the maps are illustrated. Send $1. (deducted from your first purchase) for your copy. Dept. R.

KENNETH NEBENZAHL, INC.

333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1

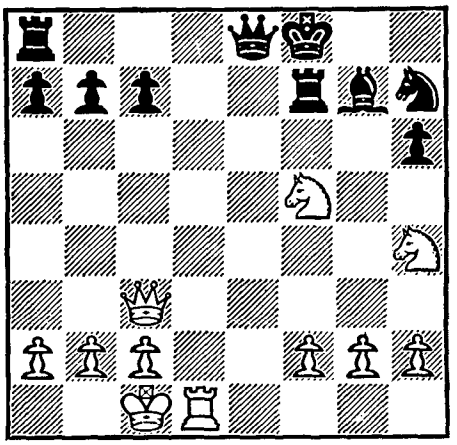
CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW

Circulation Department

25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.



White Mates in 3

Solve This Problem

In this position from an actual game, White checkmated in three moves. Try your skill. If you can do it, mail us your solution. The first ten correct entries (by postmark) win a beautifully bound CHESS REVIEW Annual. This limited edition contains hundreds of annotated master games, problems and informative articles. All other correct entries win a copy of CHESS REVIEW, the picture chess magazine.

SEND YOUR ENTRY TO DEPT. R

CHESS REVIEW

134 W. 72nd St., N.Y. 23, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600

CARY GRANT • TONY CURTIS
"OPERATION PETTICOAT"
Co-starring
JOAN O'BRIEN • DINA MERRILL
GENE EVANS with DICK SARGENT
and ARTHUR O'CONNELL
Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN
Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS
Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR
A GRANART PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
in Eastman COLOR

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"
Far-famed pageant of the first Christmas . . . and
"YULE MOON"
Gala new holiday extravaganza, produced by Leonidoff, featuring renowned Columbus Boychoir, with Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, guest artists and Symphony Orchestra.

"'FIORELLO' IS A BEAUT!"
—Kerr, Herald Tribune

Fiorello!
A New Musical Comedy

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.35; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Mezz. $8.35; Balc. $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.60, 4.00, 3.45, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.00, 3.45, 3.00 (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order.

BROADHURST THEATRE
235 W. 44 St. N. Y. 36

Want an Interesting Vacation?
See classified ads page 47

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

International Language

ALTHOUGH the movies, like music, have often been glowingly referred to by after-dinner orators as an international language, they have more than ordinary difficulty leaping international fences. There is always the possibility that they might be propaganda for an alien ideology; there is always the fear that they might not prove commercially successful. It is not too much to say that the latter has provided the more effective bar in this country. Foreign film distributors, most of them working with limited capital, are constantly faced with the necessity of buying the rights to an import, paying for the adaptation, titling, and prints, sharing with first-run theatres the advertising costs, and gambling that their picture will please enough Americans to return a modest profit. Small wonder that they prefer to hold close to such proven money-makers as Brigitte Bardot and Ingmar Bergman.

But movies are more than merchandise. They are also (or can be) a potent cultural force, a means to international understanding; and it is for that reason that two current experiments are particularly worth noting. One, involving Russian films, was negotiated at the top level—a trade agreement negotiated by the Motion Picture Association of America with the encouragement and cooperation of our State Department. By its terms, seven Soviet films will be distributed here by major American companies, while ten of our pictures (including "Marty," "Lilli," "Oklahoma!," and "The Old Man and the Sea") go to Russia. The exchange program has already begun. On November 10, audiences in Moscow saw "Marty," while at the same time **"The Cranes Are Flying,"** an award-winning Russian picture, opened in Washington.

"Cranes," which Warner Brothers will release nationally within the next few weeks, is an impressive, somewhat stodgy, somewhat old-fashioned picture of the Russian home front during the last war. It has all the attributes that one might expect of a major Soviet picture—extraordinarily fine acting, an effective musical score, and some interesting uses of the camera on a wide, CinemaScope screen. More pertinent here, however, is the fact that it accomplishes the purpose of this cultural exchange program by showing us Russians as they prefer to see themselves—warm, hearty, and vigorously affirming the joy of living. Future attractions include the "Swan Lake" ballet, "Othello," an adaptation of Dostoievsky's "The Idiot," and "Quiet Flows the Don."

The other experiment is both more modest and more original. For the past few years, critics have lamented the fact that our view of Japanese films has been restricted to ancient costume dramas. Just how limited that view has been is described in a new book, **"The Japanese Film"** (Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt. $7.50), by Joseph L. Anderson and Donald Richie, two Americans who have lived in Japan and have seen at first hand the vigorous industry there. It is like an iceberg of which the only visible part, at least in Western waters, has been its exoticism. Now Thomas J. Brandon, who is primarily a distributor of 16mm films, has devised a plan for exposing a bit more of that iceberg. Beginning December 15 in New York, with subsequent opening in key cities throughout the country, he will present what he calls "a season of new Japanese films." His "season" consists of eight features by such masters as Kurosawa, Mizoguchi, and Kinoshita. Rather than book them for extended runs, however, Mr. Brandon will put one on for a week. Those that prove successful will be brought back; the remainder will, in all probability, return to the limbo from which he so resourcefully rescued them.

"The Human Condition," his first release, is remarkable both for the sustained intensity of its probing into the effect upon a young Japanese intellectual of being placed in charge of the laborers in a Manchurian POW camp; and for the pitiless candor with which the film admits to the savage brutalities of Japanese officers and guards. It is not a pretty picture—nor does it try to be. But it forces one to a shocking realization of the torments of a man of good will trapped in the toils of a war machine that he detests.

Others to watch for include Kurosawa's **"Drunken Angel"** and **"I Live in Fear,"** both thoroughly modern in theme and execution; and Mizoguchi's documentary-like **"Women of the Night,"** probably the most realistic study of prostitution ever put on the screen. As Anderson and Richie explain, the Japanese studio heads would have preferred more exportable, more exploitable costume dramas. It took courage for these directors to make them, courage for Mr. Brandon to bring them here. All of them deserve our thanks.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

That Week in Havana—II

HAVANA, CUBA

IN SPITE of the unrest in Cuba and the anti-American attitudes which had been developing in the Castro regime ever since the United States expressed horror and outrage over the post-revolutionary wave of executions, the American Society of Travel Agents, the world's largest travel organization, decided to proceed with its convention, which it had planned to hold in Havana in mid-October. The Society, composed both of travel agents who are "active members" and representatives of transportation carriers and foreign governments who are "allied members" meets each year, alternately in the United States and in a foreign country. The 1959 conclave scheduled for Havana, was the result of earnest wooing undertaken by the Batista government before Castro had landed in Oriente Province. The renewal of the invitation was undertaken by a Castro minister exactly one month and one day after Castro's army overthrew the Batista government.

Castro's ministers realized that an ASTA convention held in Havana would be tantamount to professional approval of Cuba as a vacationland in the eyes of tourists everywhere. ASTA was able to secure many concessions for its delegates (see *SR* Dec. 5) and when the 2,100 conventioneers began arriving Saturday, October 17, they were met with a great welcome. As the convention opened the following Monday the delegates were told by their president, Max Allen, that "travel is political only in the sense that it provides . . . understanding between nations." Castro himself, appearing before the group on Monday morning, echoed the message, told them, "you are not political," insisted, "We hate nobody and we love visitors."

From the delegates Castro received a tumultuous response. True to the word of the Cubans in their letter to ASTA in February of 1959, President Dorticos, who had replaced Manuel Urrutia, already out of favor with Castro, was the host at a giant reception on the grounds of the Capitol in Havana, a building not unlike our own Capitol, but decorated for the occasion with a neon ring of welcoming words around its dome. Combed and pressed, in a dark uniform and a necktie, Castro himself appeared at the reception and was mobbed by the delegates who sought his autograph, or better yet, their photograph taken alongside him.

While welcoming the American travel group, however, and urging them to send tourists back to Cuba, Castro was having troubles with the U. S., which at the time was urging Britain not to sell jets to his government. After leaving the reception Monday night, Castro went on television to flay the U. S. in an address that lasted for hours. Castro, who only that very morning, had said "we hate nobody," now shouted, "we are ready to fight . . . we will dig in our trenches and fight from hill to hill to defend our revolution." He called America the "land of preoccupied people," threatened trade with the Soviet Union. So long did Castro speak that he was three hours late for a meeting he had called with travel editors, the purpose of which was to bolster his moribund tourist trade.

Over breakfast on Tuesday morning,

The windswept, piazza-like Prado, in Havana.

Katsuko Kawahito

gracefully combines the fluent English she learned at Tokyo Women's Christian College, with the special charm and attentiveness that marks a JAL hostess. Aboard one of Japan Air Lines' nine weekly flights to the Orient she offers o-shibori hot towels to refresh you, happi coats to relax in, champagne and sake to make your flight a luxurious experience. Join her in Seattle and fly the Great Circle Route to Japan—or in San Francisco or Los Angeles and travel the Sunshine Route via Hawaii. See your travel agent.

JAPAN AIR LINES

U.S. to Japan and the Orient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incomparable . . .

Japan

A unique blend of East and West, the old and the new, Japan offers an endless variety of *never-to-be-forgotten* experiences. Her glorious countryside, exciting cities, fine hotels and transportation are a travel dream come true. And her people's charm and courtesy are world-renowned.

For literature and information, see your Travel Agent or write:

JAPAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION

45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
651 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.
109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu 15, Hawaii
48 Front Street W., Toronto, Ont., Canada

FREE
FROM
AUTO-EUROPE

BRAND NEW EDITION. Most complete, most practical of all. Gives costs, dimensions, performances of 44 foreign cars; how to rent, lease or buy and which is best for *your* trip; cost of insurance and documents; mileage chart, routing map; 47 photos. Mail coupon today!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

R-D1

AUTO-EUROPE® inc.

NEW YORK: 25 West 58th St., New York 19 PL 3-1752
CHICAGO: 153 East Ohio St., Chicago 11 MI 2-3211
LOS ANGELES: 268 So. Beverly Drive, Bev. Hills BR 2-2921
SEATTLE: 1911 Fifth Ave., Seattle, Wash. MA 2-3223

EUROPE

We'll see the usual, plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia & N. Africa. A different trip for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Also shorter trips & student tours.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box B — Pasadena, California

delegates, leafing through their own convention newspapers, could read how Castro had "wowed" them on opening day. The arrival at noon of the Miami *Daily News*, carrying an eight-column front-page streamer, "Castro Tears Into Enemies in the United States," did little to dampen the local enthusiasm, and Tuesday went off with hardly a ripple. On Wednesday, however, the delegates, with no meetings scheduled, were taken on trips to the beach resort at Varadero, to Matanzas, and to Santiago at the opposite end of Cuba, which the Revolutionary Government hopes to build up as a resort center with a jet airport connecting directly with New York and Miami. Those who stayed home, however, were to witness the most exciting event of the week, and one which was to stir deep political complications. That afternoon an unarmed airplane showered anti-Castro leaflets over the city. Many fell on the terraces of the Hilton where alert pro-Castro maids—the Habana Hilton is owned by the restaurant workers' union—quickly swept them up, even connived to get them away from foreigners who had found them. Anti-aircraft guns opened fire on the intruder, but the plane got away, chased by aircraft from Castro's force. Some observers insisted a Castro plane was hit in the tail by friendly ground fire.

THAT night Castro dauntlessly showed up at a giant party tendered to the entire convention by the French travel interests. His very presence was a surface denial of the unrest in the capital, but that same evening crowds marched past the Hilton voicing their displeasure with the leaflet raid. The following morning's Havana *Post* claimed that two had been killed and scores injured in the leaflet raid, allegedly by terrorists who threw bombs from passing automobiles at the same time the plane was overhead. In another story, the *Post* reported that the same day Castro himself had flown to Camaguey to arrest Major Hubert Matos, a former trusted aide and revolutionary hero. With Urrutia, and Major Pedro Diaz Lanz, former chief of the air force, who later admitted staging the leaflet raid, this made three stalwarts of the revolution who were now both disenchanted and out of favor.

Thursday morning's *Revolucion*, Castro's own newspaper, carried a headline that occupied its entire front page proclaiming the single sentence, "The Planes Came From the United States." A work stoppage was called that spread all the way to the New York office of Cubana Airlines. In his suite at the Hilton, ASTA President Max Allen found himself in receipt of over 100 wires from Cubans "regretting" the incident of the bombing." "Please s
tourists" the telegrams said.
bassador Bonsal, whose State
ment had, weeks before, advised ASTA not to call off the convention, met with Allen at ten A.M. That afternoon crowds massed in front of the Capri, the Nacional and the Hilton Hotels. They were organized but not unfriendly. Carlos Almoina, the youthful tourist director for Cuba, rushed ashen-faced into the Hilton, begged Allen to speak to the crowd. Allen, who speaks no Spanish, gave a few off-the-cuff remarks about continued friendship and promised to send tourists. Almoina gave these words a roaring, arm-waving, free translation, sent the crowd back to work.

THAT same evening, Thursday, Allen was at the Tropicana, Havana's giant open-air night club, enjoying ASTA's Mexican Night ("cocktails-dinner-show-gifts-surprises-and traditional hospitality") when Castro sent for him, asked him to join him at the television studio. When Allen arrived Castro was in mid-tirade. Said a Havana-based American columnist later, "I have never heard or seen him in such red-eyed rage . . . he spoke of all the wrongs of which he believed Cuba to be the victim because of the United States." In the middle of all this Castro suddenly mellowed a bit, turned to Max Allen who was by now sitting with him, and gave him the camera and the microphone. Either Allen was not aware of what Castro was saying, or it was one of the most phenomenal examples of cheek-turning in modern history, for Allen came on saying, "We are your friends from the north and we want to do everything we can to see that the Cuban tourist trade is established as soon as possible." He said that ASTA delegates were overwhelmed by the hospitality shown them, called Castro "my friend," expressed grievance over "yesterday's events," expressed "sympathy to all of you."

Castro appeared at a huge Cuban Folklore jamboree arranged for the delectation of the delegates on Friday night. The final business session opened on Saturday and although Castro had been expected to attend he was so late that when he finally arrived it was a surprise. ASTA was equal to the occasion however, and Castro was awarded a plaque which had been inscribed:

> TO PRIME MINISTER FIDEL CASTRO FOR HIS INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO TOURISM DURING THE 29TH ANNUAL WORLD TRAVEL CONGRESS, HAVANA, CUBA, OCTOBER, 1959. THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS, INC.

At the final banquet that night Castro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ain on tap and he sat through applause for American Ambassador Philip Bonsal, a man whom he kept at bay for four months before accepting his credentials. When it was his own turn Castro said, "Just tell us what you want and we will give it to you." Came a voice from the back saying, "Peace, peace." Then President Max Allen who had addressed mobs, television audiences and his own constituents all in the same week, said he thought no one would object to what he was about to do. Then he gave Castro an honorary membership in ASTA, promised to send the membership card by mail. It was an honor for which many prominent citizens had been proposed, but none accepted during all the history of ASTA.

Those late delegates who were still in town the following Monday were asked not to leave their hotels. Another work stoppage and a giant rally had been planned. In the Hilton, ASTA's skeleton administrative staff, cleaning up the last details, took their meals in the coffee shop. In the Capri a television set was wheeled into the bar where viewers could watch Fidel arrive at the

rally by helicopter carrying a new Belgian rifle, part of a large shipment that had arrived from Europe. His brother Raul, pictured at the convention the week before wearing a huge tag reading "Ask Me, I Live Here," was warming up the audience with a fiery tirade that chilled the bones and stoked memories of Mussolini on the balcony overlooking the Piazza Venezia. When it came Fidel's turn he called the leaflet raid Cuba's own Pearl Harbor. The casualties, which were now generally believed to have come from faulty anti-aircraft shells dropping in the streets, were, he said, the result of bombings from American-based planes. He scored the F.B.I. for failing to prevent the take-offs. He called for the liberation of our "Puerto Rican brothers," demanded a return to the firing squads that liquidated some 500 enemies of the Revolutionary Government. The excited crowd agreed. "To the wall! To the wall!" it shouted. The tags that had only the other day been worn by so many Cubans to welcome ASTA now had a new message. "Against Foreign Aggression," they read.

Only the intervention of soldiers and police saved photographer Andrew St. George and *Chicago Tribune* correspondent Jules Dubois from a serious mauling or worse at the hands of inflamed crowds. Could a tourist run into the same fate? At least one travel editor of a prominent newspaper thought Cuba could still be recommended. Travel agents queried by the trade magazine *Travel Weekly* said they too would recommend Cuba to their clients. Fat ads were still running in newspapers and magazines. But last week, as correspondence flowed out of Cuba bearing stickers that read, "We protest for the Bombering to our Country," Americans began to protest too. Steamship companies were canceling Havana from the itineraries of this winter's cruises. Reportedly perplexed by it all, Castro sent Carlos Almoina, his tourist commissioner, north to New York to find out, why, after Cuba had spent a million dollars entertaining ASTA, the tourists were still not coming.

Next year's convention will be held in Hawaii. —HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the second of two articles on the convention of the American Society of Travel Agents in Havana.)

Freighter Voyages

Travel leisurely and comfortably.

Delight in the fascinating life of the sea without crowds or starched formality.

For genuine satisfaction, nothing equals freighter travel. Enjoy the best.

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL LINES—Philippine Service with a smile.

IVARAN LINES—True Norwegian hospitality.

Manila, Hong Kong and Japan. From New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

IVARAN LINES—Freighter yachts New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

See your travel agent or write

Stockard Steamship Corp.

17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

GREECE *welcomes the world*

Superb,

Supreme,

Enchanting...

NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION
4, STADIUM STREET — ATHENS

Embassy HOLIDAYS

EUROPE

1960 ALL EXP. TRIPS Via S.S. from New York.
36 days & Longer Via Jet Plane from N. Y. $780
17 days & Longer fr. $825

Book now for Trips to include Olympic Games Aug.-Sept. 1960.

ISRAEL

Carefully Prepared Itineraries Indep't & Conducted Tours. 8 DAYS ALL INCLUSIVE TOURS IN ISRAEL from $155.

RUSSIA

Escorted & Indep't Trips, 17 days (via Air) from $1025

SO. AMERICA

Air, 22 days from N.Y. $997
Ship, 54 days from N.Y. $1895

ROUND WORLD

Via Air, 36 days visiting 10 Countries from $1833.85
Via Ship, 56 days visiting 10 Countries from....$1895

AUTHORIZED AGENTS ALL AIR & S. S. LINES
A GREAT NAME IN TRAVEL—ESTABLISHED OVER 20 YEARS

Embassy Tours

147 WEST 42nd STREET
(at B'way) New York 36—Dep't SR
Tel. OX 5-2121

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wisdom of a Writing Warrior

"I Have Known Many Worlds: The Informal Reminiscences of a Writer," by Roger Burlingame *(Doubleday. 283 pp. $4.50), reflects on life as seen by the author during the past seven decades. Among Carl Carmer's many books are "Cavalcade of America," "Susquehanna," and "Listen for a Lonesome Drum."*

By Carl Carmer

IT MAY be that "the young people who cannot possibly understand it," to whom this book is "affectionately dedicated," will not care to read it. I doubt that, for young people are by nature curious about what they are told they cannot understand. Whether or not they disregard the several worlds Roger Burlingame has, with skepticism and humor, described, one conclusion is certain: those literate gentlemen who are old enough to have been adult through World Wars I and II will soon be acclaiming it as "our book" and asserting that if a general can obtain a tax benefit on the grounds that his book was written by an amateur, then a professional writer ought to get some sort of deduction on the grounds that he was an amateur first lieutenant. Wars spawn many books by statesmen and generals on the one hand, by privates on the other. Rarely, because of their expendability and an embarrassed modesty, do first lieutenants produce works inspired by army experiences.

Perhaps it should be made clear at this point that Mr. Burlingame's informal autobiography is not primarily about wars. The category of "first lieutenants" strikes deeper and has more than a military significance. It is meant to include all of the vast and amazingly growing class of American citizens who, having reached the decade of their sixties, look back to wonder what their lifetime of education (formal and self) has been for. The author does not answer them but if they read his book they will so delight in the joys of recognition that they will finish it at one sitting and put it down only with a sigh of regret that it is not longer.

THE informality, modesty, and humor of this book are deceptive. Mr. Burlingame by underestimating himself seems to invite his readers to do the same. Nevertheless there is wisdom here. The author's conclusions, quoted out of context, do not seem as effective without their documentation, but they will be gratefully remembered:

"In the end a writer is happier because someone has been tough with him. A writer needs callouses on his soul as well as on his fingers."

"A publisher expects an author to give him the same book every time he writes."

"The tears that were wept over the 'lost generation' . . . were sweet tears. . . . Never was being 'lost' so guished."

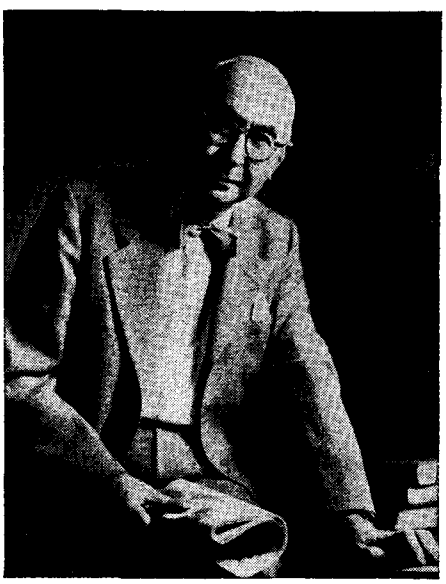
"There is a reserve, a reinforcemen when the body fails, that churchmen call the Holy Ghost."

There are revealing reminiscences of people—Sidney Howard, Max Perkins, Harvard's immortal philosopher, Santayana, John Marquand, are among the many—and there are telling memories of places—Paris, Portofino, and the Finger Lake town of Cazenovia — about which Mr. Butterfield wrote a novel, "Three Bags Full," which has a lasting place in the hearts of all "Yorkers."

More important than these important observations are certain convictions that Roger Burlingame's thoughtful contemporaries will regard as truths which have needed to be said. They will be grateful when he points out that the so-called "wedding" of culture and industry (as implied by recent gatherings at Aspen, Colorado; the Sloan School of Industrial Management at Cambridge, Massachusetts; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many other American centers) is an empty ritual, a few rhetorical words said condescendingly over the optimistic couple by a Chairman of the Board. They are grateful, too for this author's most recent—and best—book, "The American Conscience," which defends Frederick Jackson Turner's concept of the importance of the frontier as a molding force in the history of our nation.

A recent reviewer has called this book "mellowly pessimistic." It is nothing of the sort. It is highly constructive and one can only hope that the corrective measures it subtly suggests may be a part of the nation's future program.

A QUARTER CENTURY WITH HISTORY: Today's foreign correspondent is more likely to be encountered searching for



—Fabian Bachrach.

Roger Burlingame—needed: callouses.

—From "Odd World."

John Phillips and his old acquaintance, Marshal Tito, in 1949—presscard and personality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asses than his passport. News section more and more has become the field of the resident specialist, based for a period of years in an area whose languages, politics, history, and newsmakers he knows well.

An exciting and authentically romantic exception to this unglamorous generalization is the photo reporter, a new type of journalist born with the original type of magazine journalism introduced by *Life*, *Paris Match*, and *Look*.

For the photo reporter there are neither communiques nor think pieces. To get his unforgettable picture of U.S. Marines retreating from Chosin in bravery, David Douglas Duncan walked with them through the sub-zero Korean winter. Duncan survived, as he has survived so many adventures. Other photo reporters have been less lucky. A machine-gunner cut down David Seymour at Suez. Legendary Bob Capa's luck ran out with the shattering blast of a Communist mine in Indochina.

This seems to be the season for photo-reporters' books—and, perhaps because the profession is so testing, there has yet to be a bad one. Carl Mydans, wise and respected, produced his memorable volume of memoirs. Now John Phillips in **"Odd World"** (Simon & Schuster $4.50) has a fascinating and thoroughly readable story to tell.

The son of the only Welsh *colon* in Algeria, this talented and perceptive man walked for a quarter century with history—and, as much because of his personality as his press card, Phillips kept history's doors always open so his camera could peek in.

Phillips was there when the Nazis marched into the Sudeten, when Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin met at Tehran, when Arab fought Jew in Palestine, when the tragic story of Mikhailovich ended in a Yugoslav court. He saw Khrushchev in his cups and, perhaps most important of all, scored the notable photographic first of covering Tito in his Partisan days.

Phillips writes as well as he photographs, which is very well indeed. The reader lives vicariously the intriguing life of this most unusual man. He meets the late King Abdullah of Hashemite Jordan, whose daggers were soldered in their holsters because of his fiery temper; Farouk, fat and balding before thirty, surrounded in his collection room by batches of everything from cigar bands to pornography; Slawoj Skladkowski, premier of anti-Semitic pre-invasion Poland, pathetically rewriting history in an Israeli rooming house; Glubb Pasha, the authentic desert warrior.

It is a book worth reading (too bad that the publishers included only two of Phillips's thousands of fine photos). But the words alone do the job.

SCIENCE

Insights from the Bomb Sites

"Men and Atoms," by William L. Laurence *(Simon & Schuster. 302 pp. $4.50), recapitulates the history of nuclear fission and views with some composure the "humanizing" of the H-bomb. J. H. Rush, a physicist in the wartime atomic bomb project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is now a physics consultant and science writer associated with the High Altitude Conservatory of the University of Colorado in Boulder.*

By J. H. Rush

IN THIS second decade after Hiroshima, the Atomic Age has begun to look in the mirror. William L. Laurence, privileged reporter of the secret wartime project, has enjoyed a unique opportunity to apply the talents of a professional writer to "the greatest story since Creation." "Men and Atoms" is the accounting of his literary stewardship. The book presents the story from Becquerel and the Curies to the hydrogen bomb in one dramatic sweep, interspersed with many excerpts from the author's on-the-spot accounts of the historic events he has witnessed.

In addition to the familiar story of the discovery of fission and the development of the American bomb project, Mr. Laurence includes lively accounts of the German atomic developments, the epic Commando raids on the Norwegian heavy-water plant, Russian espionage and its consequences, the American and Russian H-bomb developments, and a glimpse of the constructive uses to which atomic energy may be put if the world remains at peace. Some of the author's opinions and interpretations will be disputed. I believe he magnifies the tardiness of the U. S. Government, serious as it was, in supporting the atomic development. The commitment of billions of dollars to a full-scale production project would have had to wait in any case until some essential questions had been settled on a laboratory scale—though certainly the latter could have been done a year or two earlier.

Mr. Laurence's version of the German atomic effort suggests that this topic will vex historians for some time. Taking a position sharply contradictory to that expressed recently by Robert Jungk in "Brighter Than a Thousand Suns," he maintains that the German physicists led by Heisenberg and Von Weizsäcker attempted a bomb development and concluded that it was impracticable, that they similarly failed to get anywhere with development of a power reactor and that they felt so secure in their conviction of superiority that they dismissed the possibility of an American bomb. The contention by Jungk and others that the German scientists deliberately dragged their feet to avoid aiding Hitler's war Laurence discounts as an apology concocted after the fact.

This book has much of the journalistic directness and articulate feeling that have brought its author to an eminent place in science reporting. He presents the experiences and impressions of a layman who by the nature of his mission takes a practical, matter-of-fact attitude toward scientists and their doings, yet continues to feel something of the awe of a visitor at a magicians' convention. It was Einstein who first recognized that the observer is necessarily involved in the events he observes. Throughout Mr. Laurence's writing about atomic energy, there is evident a process of unwilling comprehension and adjustment, of gradual accommodation to the unthinkable. He speaks of Robert Oppenheimer quoting after the New Mexico test, "I am become Death, the Shatterer of Worlds!" and comments, "I shall never forget the shattering impact of those words . . ." Yet in 1959 he can say of the effort to make "clean" bombs, ". . . we are succeeding in humanizing the hydrogen bomb by limiting its enormous destructive power to blast and fire . . ."

This is not cited to condemn Mr. Laurence, who has been nearer to the fire than most of us. It is rather to point up a process that everyone has under-

—Arnold Newman.

William L. Laurence—"accommodation to the unthinkable."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gone to some degree. The two-edged sword of adaptability is enabling us to not avoid; but in doing so it is necessarily shifting the threshold of our sensibilities away from humane concerns.

But when Mr. Laurence sees the fireball of a hydrogen bomb as "a protective umbrella that will forever shield mankind" against atomic war, then one may be pardoned for feeling that perhaps adaptation has gone over into rationalization. He argues with some cogency that the manifest consequences to an aggressor in a world deadlocked with such weapons guarantee peace. Matters may indeed work out that way. But hope ought not to be confused with reasonable certainty, and any such argument overlooks the deadly instability of the superweapons race and the fallacy of assuming that men always will act rationally.

Anatomy of the Atmosphere

"The Ocean of Air," by David I. Blumenstock *(Rutgers University Press. 457 pp. $6.75), is an authoritative, full-length account for the layman of what is known about the atmosphere and its bearing on the human experience. SR's reviewer, Robert Brittain, has written about man's relations with his physical environment in "Let There Be Bread" and "Rivers, Man, and Myths."*

By Robert Brittain

"MAN LIVES within the planet earth, not upon it." With this provocative sentence David Blumenstock announces the theme of an eye-opening and mind-expanding book. His subject is man's relations with the series of vast and almost insubstantial envelopes which form the outer layers of our particular solar satellite, shielding its rock-and-water core from outer space and making the surface of that core habitable.

On the purely descriptive, informative level, he does for the atmosphere what "The Sea Around Us" did for the oceans, and without the pseudo-poetic flourishes. There are wonderfully clear and exciting accounts of what the four regions of the atmosphere are like and what goes on in them. The troposphere gets the most attention, both because more is known about it and because it affects us more immediately, being the scene of most of those events we call "weather." Mr. Blumenstock is an expert meteorologist, who knows how to write vividly and entertainingly about such things as trade winds and tornadoes, cold fronts and droughts and freezes and even the prosaic HIGHS and LOWS.

But because the real focus of his thinking is man, the most valuable feature of his book is its comprehensive account of how we stand in our relations with the atmosphere. On the negative side, this is a survey of the effects events in the ocean of air have had and will continue to have upon the creatures who live on its bottom. When the author turns to the positive side of the relationship, however, the story takes on another dimension. For this is a new chapter in the eternal saga of man's effort to control and use his environment.

IT follows the pattern of earlier conquests over land and water: the exceedingly long period of helplessness before the forces of nature, then the gradual learning of a few facts, and the organization of those facts so that if one cannot control he can at least predict. Finally comes the actual invasion of new realms and the daring attempt to bend the natural forces in them to [illegible] man use.

We are just on the threshold of this stage. Only 176 years ago a man first ventured bodily a few hundred feet into the unknown regions surrounding the solid-liquid globe; within the last fifty years we have advanced a few miles into them. But we are sending machines out to scout far ahead of exploring parties, and these have brought back astounding information. The summaries of what we have already learned, even as recently as yesterday, are among the most thrilling passages in the book. Already the course of things to come can be outlined, and Mr. Blumenstock gives us some breathtaking glimpses of future possibilities.

Man's initial triumphs in this most recently opened part of the planet justify a good deal of pride and hope. But there is another side to the picture. Though we have barely ventured into the nearest edge of the atmosphere, we have already polluted it more vilely, and far more dangerously, than we have ever polluted the land or the waters. The chapter on nuclear explosions should be read by every citizen who can understand that the continuance of the human race is more important than the satisfaction of any national ambition or interest, or the survival of capitalism, Communism, or any other ism.

If ever there was a region in which sound conservation principles should be

"Hang it all, Parker, you can't sulk with the universe."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ritchard's "Gypsy Baron"—Merriman in Form

LIKE MANY another famous operetta, Johann Strauss's "Gypsy Baron" has a creaky book, an oversupply of plot and an under-supply of real humor or amusing situations. But unlike virtually any other (always excepting "Fledermaus") it has a wonderful flow of fresh, invigorating music, all softness and sentiment on one side, all tang and muscular infusion *à la Hongroise* on the other. Add to it the opportunity it presents for the conductor (in this case Erich Leinsdorf) to borrow such a charming adornment of the concert repertory as the "Emperor Waltz" for ballet purposes, and it is overwhelmingly evident why Rudolf Bing should want to share his fondness for it with the public of the Metropolitan Opera, where it has been heard only once in all its history.

In a reasonable remembrance of his work on behalf of "Fledermaus"and "Perichole," Bing put the scenic problem to Rolf Gérard, who responded with two pastoral views sweet enough to eat, and a spectacular reproduction of a palatial ballroom for the third act climax; he reunited Cyril Ritchard as stage director and Maurice Valency as book reconstructor (also from "Perichole"); and he provided a cast including Lisa Della Casa, Nicolai Gedda, Laurel Hurley, Regina Resnik, Paul Franke, Walter Slezak, and one piglet. It may sound a new note of critical complaint to say, that for an operetta, this is just not enough ham—but the animal's part, considering the quality of his performance, might well have been beefed-up—or, perhaps, pigged out.

The result, however, was less a "Gypsy Baron" than a "Gypsy" barren of real zest, lift, or excitement. The largest finger of guilt would point to Ritchard, whose trend this season has been to make a farce of Mozart's comedy of manners ("Marriage of Figaro") and a comedy of manners of Strauss's farce. If there was an underlying scheme to this conception (and one could seriously doubt there was) it was to play up the synthetic romance of Barinkay and his Saffi, and play down the inescapable humors of the time in which it was written. What passed across the stage was not, for very long, flesh, fowl, nor red-blooded Strauss, but a kind of silly temporizing with all the elements of pasteboard and fiction it contains, causing us neither to laugh with nor at them. When he did let his fancy roam, as in the giddy travesty of a "hoard" when the treasure is discovered in act II (via gilded bubbles floating upward in a delight of visual fantasy) or in his priceless evocation of a Franz Josef-ish "Emperor" in act III (marvelously portrayed by Alessio De Paolis), this was the Ritchard we know and admire. For the most part, it seemed that he had expended most of his thought and effort for the season on "Figaro" and had little of either left for "Gypsy Baron."

This expressed itself not alone through a rather inadequate tone for the ensembles, but, more particularly, in the lack of ease or style in the action of the principals. Much of the amusement in Garson Kanin's "Fledermaus" was prompted by the illusion that John Brownlee, Richard Tucker, Ljuba Welitsch, Set Svanholm, Patrice Munsel, and Risë Stevens were enjoying themselves immensely. In this venture, Della Casa appeared to be ill at ease as Saffi, Hurley a pale Arsena, and the normally appealing Gedda, for all his good looks and ringing sound, a stiff, uningratiating Barinky. Only Regina Resnik commanded the gusty kind of whole-hearted make-believe wanted. Walter Slezak did his rounded best to make a funny fellow of the pig-farmer Szupan but he had too little assistance from the text.

For much of the time, this "Gypsy Baron" was a concert version in some gorgeous, clearly costly costuming, weighted by a soberly unsmiling direction of the score by Leinsdorf. A purely instrumental problem such as the "Emperor Waltz," well danced by the vivacious Violette Verdy and the able Scott Douglas (both as "guests" in a Danilova-directed ballet), or a simple outpouring of sentiment such as the duets of Saffi and Barinky suavely sung by Della Casa and Gedda, were understandingly managed by Leinsdorf. But where the requirement was for a riotous kind of elegance, as in the overture, or a piquant touch of rhythmic seasoning in the recurrent Hungarian episodes, or a light underlining of the accompaniments to Slezak's patter songs, the lack was more than negative. It was an aching void between performers and public, which such a particularly suited person as Fritz Reiner might have filled to a "Waltz King's" taste. The sum of it is that "pretty good" doesn't justify this kind of venture in a theatre so ill-suited to understatement as the Metropolitan. Unless there is sure-handed direction of a brilliantly purposeful conception, the realistic pull must, inevitably, be downward. I will go again, gladly, to experience the richly inventive panorama of music, but that credit belongs to the bubbling genius of Johann Strauss.

The same evening (unfortunately) provided the first recital in a dozen years in Town Hall by mezzo Nan Merriman, the admirable "assistant" at numerous orchestral concerts in that time of Toscanini, Stokowski, Walter, Ormandy, Bernstein, and others. It was "unfortunate" in the sense that the opera's *première* limited attention to her rarefied abilities in a variety of specialties ranging from Mozart to Falla, with Debussy, Ravel, Mompou and Turina along the way. It was clear, however, from her singing—rather, re-creation—of the central segment of her program, that Miss Merriman is closing in on another distinction: pre-eminent recitalist in the repertory of her choice. As that choice, on this occasion, extended from Scarlatti ("Se Florindo e fedele") through Dorabella's *second* aria in "Cosi" (almost invariably omitted) and the "Chansons de Bilitis" and "Villon" ballades of Debussy to the "Seven popular songs" of Falla, it is clear that this choice is neither narrow nor categorical. Indeed, in moving her rich vocal resources from one vocal *métier* to another, and shading her abundant sound to the surroundings as well as the material, Miss Merriman moved into an artistic category incontestably her own. It may be added that though she is neither frowsy, dowdy, nor middle-aged, this mezzo owns all the other attributes of fine artistry. Ralph Linsley provided solid, not too imaginative, support at the piano.

Artur Rubinstein made a contribution of value to the sum of recent pianism with a performance of Brahms's F minor Sonata at his Carnegie Hall recital which showed that the massive tonal resources which become his playing of the D minor and B flat Concerti are also germane to the earlier work. It was sizeable, purposeful, meaningful artistry from start to finish. In addition to the E flat Sonata (opus 31 No. 3) of Beethoven, Rubinstein honored the memory of his old friend Villa-Lobos by performing his "O Prolo do Bebe." On the same evening in Town Hall Elaine Shaffer attested the mastery of the flute she had acquired from William Kincaid at the Curtis Institute, and the artistry she has assembled on her own, with suave-sounding, finely-delineated performances of works by Bach, Prokofiev, Schubert, etc. Miss Shaffer's one liability is an inclination to overblow in quest of a power she achieves best when she strives for it least. Robert Weisz was the able pianist. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Puccini's "Girl", Verdi's "Lady"

IT IS DANGEROUSLY easy, in writing or thinking about Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," to overlook the opera's basic worth because of surface absurdities. The Wild West motif—fresh and exotic to Italians of Puccini's generation—can be a source of amusement now, especially to American theatre-goers, unless handled with care. How really important, though, are the shotguns and horses and poker games in a just evaluation of Puccini's remarkable score? These served, more than a century ago, as the trappings of a ruthless, bloodthirsty society, where loneliness and greed were the dominating emotions, where the type of guardian-angel love such as Minnie bore for Dick Johnson might truly have prevailed; and it is with these larger issues—the storm-swept skies closing in upon the miners, the Biblical concept of redemption—that Puccini successfully occupied himself. The framework of the score is symphonic. With the exception of Johnson's aria, "Ch'ella mi creda," there are no vocal gumdrops such as may be found in "Bohème," "Tosca," or even "Turandot." This music is straightforward, searing. "The Girl" may be said to fill, in relation to the rest of Puccini's work, the same position that "Die Frau ohne Schatten" holds among the operas of Strauss, or "Don Carlo" among those of Verdi. In short, it is vast, deep, and imperfect. For this writer's taste, it remains Puccini's masterpiece. The boldness of the vocal writing, splendor of orchestration, and mastery of dramatic timing are unparalleled in the Italian repertoire.

A new recording of the work has appeared (Angel Stereo 3593, C/L, $18.98) which must surely have matched every desire of the composer. The sweep, the glory, the grandeur of opera as one dreams about them are all present. Although the cast is uniformly strong, prime credit must go to the orchestra of La Scala, in virtuoso condition, under the baton of Lovro von Matacic. The biographical notes issued in the album make this conductor sixty years of age—an item of interest only for the fact that it has taken him so long to become known outside Central Europe—for von Matacic is a great musician, an opera director to be ranked beside Toscanini, Walter, and Reiner. Perhaps his most distinguishing mark is that of "absolute tempo"—an unfailing grasp of pace and movement. The balances, too, the attention to detail, the overwhelming climaxes, stamp him as a major conductor.

In Birgit Nilsson, this album has a Minnie of the first rank. Her voice is not a caressing instrument, neither lush nor round, but in the brilliant, trumpetlike tradition of Eva Turner and Germaine Lubin. Amid the Latin singers who surround her, she takes on a strong, remote timbre which indeed suggests the snow-capped West of another day. João Gibin, the Brazilian tenor, offers a dramatic, beautifully sung Dick Johnson; and Andrea Mongelli captures, in every inflection, the dark bitterness of Rance. His "Buona notte!", as he stalks off into the night after losing the famous card game to Minnie, concentrates an entire characterization within two words. The remaining parts are all expertly taken with special credit to Renato Ercolani as Nick; and the realism of the sound on stage, the microphoning of the orchestra, are above praise. Quite unforgettable is the aural fade-out of the lovers in the closing page.

A comparison with the recent "Girl of the Golden West" (London stereophonic OSA 1306, $17.94) starring Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco and Cornell MacNeil would, on the whole, work in favor of the Angel recording; but we are dealing here with two albums on the highest level, and the London set has much to recommend it. [See *SR* Jan. 1.] Many music-lovers will, understandably, prefer the singing of Tebaldi. The noted soprano is in best form as Minnie, bringing a wealth of imagination and warmth to the music. Her top tones lack the soaring majesty of Nilsson's, but are nonetheless solid and effective. Del Monaco's Johnson is, of course, exciting (though, to these ears, the singing of Gibin is more musical and varied); and, vocally, MacNeil is an admirable Rance. The London album gains from the inclusion of a short, first-act episode—Rance's punishment of the card-sharp, Sid—which has been cut by Angel. Overall sound is good. The radical difference lies in the conducting, for Franco Capuana, who directs the orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, is a *routinier,* while von Matacic is a bard.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

AS A replica of last season's production of **Verdi's "Macbeth"** at the Metropolitan Opera, RCA Victor LSC 6147 ($17.98) naturally shares the virtues and limitations of that venture. Of first value is the consistently strong vocalizing of Leonie Rysanek as Lady Macbeth, and the powerful-purposeful Macbeth of Leonard Warren. In the brief opportunity of Macduff's noble "Ah, la paterna mano" (with its preceding recitative), Carlo Bergonzi shows again why some consider him the pre-eminent Verdi tenor of tomorrow (a "tomorrow" already at hand in many respects). Jerome Hines is admirable in sound as Banquo, as William Olvis is in the smaller part of Malcolm.

Where the recording is apt to appeal even less to those who have long desired a proper "Macbeth" on records than it did in the theatre, is in the all-important element of vocal characterization, of acting in sound where the values of sight are absent. It is no accident, I think, that these values are in short supply with a cast which is—with the single exception of Bergonzi — wholly non-Italian. Or that the absent element is not compensated for in the conducting of Erich Leinsdorf. As we have learned

Puccini's "Girl"—Birgit Nilsson "a Minnie of the first rank."

Verdi's "Lady"—Leonie Rysanek "consistently strong vocalizing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the numerous recent enterprises directed by Tullio Serafin (not to mention earlier ones by Toscanini), operatic Italian, when properly articulated and emphasized, can make a strong impact on a listener whose knowledge of the language may be otherwise limited. I don't hear much of that in this venture, nor the kind of helping hand from a conductor of insight which might complete Verdi's insufficiently stated purpose, in some of the score's weaker moments. Leinsdorf commands the climaxes (such as the whole last act) with intelligence and discrimination, but the opening scene, the banquet scene and the witches' cave (with its thin-sounding apparitions) lack the frightening power they might have had in hands more practised with this score. (The assignment, it will be remembered, belonged to Dimitri Mitropoulos until his sudden illness.)

As a recording, "Macbeth" is the best-sounding yet accomplished by RCA in this country. At the outset, the sound tends to "roam" somewhat in the over-spacious surroundings, but the critical portions with chorus, full solo ensemble and heavily scored orchestra are roundly conveyed. Stereo helps to that end also. Mention should also be made of the well-conceived brochure which includes, beyond an informative survey of the opera's background by Henry W. Simon, a new translation of the Italian text by Glen Sauls, complete with a line-by-line reference to the parallel words of Shakespeare.

—Irving Kolodin.

THREE bel canto operas have appeared in stereophonic recordings of varying merit. The best—**Rossini's "Barber of Seville"**—has been issued by RCA Victor (LSC 6143, $17.98) and offers a cast largely associated with recent performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. Erich Leinsdorf, in charge of the Metropolitan's own orchestra, conducts with grace and precision. Most of the singers are excellent. Finest among them is Fernando Corena, who makes the role of Dr. Bartolo into the essential pivot of the opera, singing not only with comic flair but vocal virtuosity. Giorgio Tozzi is a good Basilio, Robert Merrill a generally satisfying Figaro, and Cesare Valletti a polished and fluent Almaviva. The album liner makes note of the scholarly research which has brought authenticity to the orchestral parts of this "Barber." Certainly the sounds of guitar and clavicembalo, among many other carefully worked out instrumental restorations, carry much pleasure. And the scintillating last-act aria of Almaviva, so long neglected, has been returned to its place as the crown of the score. But why, if this was meant to be a definitive recording, was a coloratura soprano — Roberta Peters — engaged to sing Rosina (written for a mezzo), perpetuating all the doodling inanities, sanctioned by years of operatic malpractice, which embroider and distort Rossini's music? Miss Peters has discharged her duties adequately . . . but with a Simionato, de los Angeles (who sings the role in its mezzo version) or Christa Ludwig at hand, one feels keenly this *gaffe* in an otherwise near-perfect set. Also on the debit side is Margaret Roggero's clowning as Berta. The recorded sound of the album is superb.

The second of the bel canto operas is **"Lucia di Lammermoor"** (Angel S 3601, B/L, $12.98) starring Maria Callas, with Tullio Serafin conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Miss Callas sings with a prevailing purity of tone, a mastery of music-dramatic color which sustain her reputation; but she slows the first and third act cabalettas in order to graft on the vocal ornamentation (the ending of the Mad Scene moves like a dirge) . . . and her top tones are currently unacceptable. Ferruccio Tagliavini, the Edgardo, is heard to advantage in the softly sung closing pages of the opera; elsewhere he is strained. The remainder of the cast, consisting of obscure Italian singers, evokes memories of a popular-priced Saturday evening performance during the darker moments of Gatti's regime. Maestro Serafin conducts dutifully; and, in the accompaniment to the Mad Scene, the orchestra is reduced in sound to the quality of a pre-electrical recording group—no doubt to obtain a rarified Victorian atmosphere.

The third bel canto opera is **"L'Elisir d'Amore"** (London OSA 1311, $17.94), with Giuseppe di Stefano singing a good Nemorino, and Hilde Gueden an acceptable Adina. Fernando Corena, the Dulcamara, is amusing; Renato Capecchi provides a spirited Sergeant Belcore. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducts the orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino. There are enchanting pages in "L'Elisir"—the tenor-soprano duet of the first scene, the entrance of Dulcamara, the "Barcarola a due voci," the celebrated aria for Nemorino—but the fun can wear thin unless the performance is consistently brilliant; and this one isn't.

—R.L.

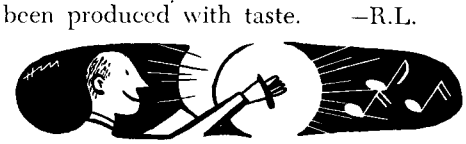
LATE additions to the list of opera-in-stereo are two items from London: the impressively sung, well recorded version of **Donizetti's "La Favorita"** in which Giulietta Simionato sings her strong Leonora di Gusman in the company of Ettore Bastianini (Alfonso), Jerome Hines (Baldassarre) and Gianni Poggi (Fernando), under the direction of Alberto Erede (London OSA 1310, $17.94) and the Salzburg-Vienna **"Cosi"** (OSA 1312, $17.94, originally reviewed in *SR* of November 10, 1956) in which there are fluctuating vocal and interpretative values above the smooth-flowing, fine-sounding performance of the orchestral score by the Vienna Philharmonic under the direction of Karl Böhm. The principals are the virtual "stock company" of the Ringstrasse — Lisa Della Casa, Christa Ludwig and Emmy Loose, Anton Dermota, Erich Kunz, and Paul Schoeffler. Obviously there are some formidably Mozartian merits in this combination of talents, notably the smoothly-joined ensemble under Böhm's knowing, if somewhat leisurely, direction. However, it measures rather short of the total in the Karajan-directed Angel recording, which has a measure of snap and brilliance absent here. As for the stereo, Angel's delicately-balanced product of the Abbey Road (London) studios has a prismatic clarity (in monophonic) not provided by this early stereo sound.

—I.K.

FROM Pathé comes a group of newly recorded *opéras bouffes* in abbreviated versions that make for entertaining listening. These include Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" (DTX 30137), "La Vie Parisienne" (DTX 30139), and "Orphée aux Enfers" (DTX 30143), in addition to Varney's "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent" (DTX 30140), Planquette's "Rip" (DTX 30158), and Christiné's "Phi-phi" (DTX 30133). (All $5.95 each.)

These vignettes from a highly specialized field, the equivalent of our own operetta, are for the most part very well done. The singers are capable (among them is the distinguished baritone, Michel Roux, who takes part in the Offenbach recordings), as are the two conductors, Marcel Cariven and Jules Gressier. One or two discs might be more engrossing than the whole slew, which tend to sound alike when played in succession. Among the Offenbach, "La Vie Parisienne" and "Orphée" come off best. Planquette's "Rip" (a variant on our own Rip van Winkle legend, utilizing a Catskill village as its locale) succeeds in being charming despite what threatens, at the outset, to be a coy libretto; and highly amusing is "Phi-phi," a giddy take-off on the golden age of Greece, featuring the sculptor, Phidias (Phi-phi to his friends), and the statesman, Pericles. All of these recordings represent special adaptations for single-disc performance. They sound well and have been produced with taste.

—R.L.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: POP. VOCALS

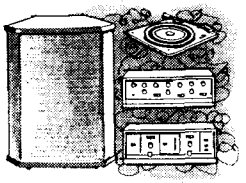
PERFORMER, SONGS, DATA	REPORT
Andrews, Julie, and Tozzi, Giorgio: "Rose Marie" with Lehmann Engel conducting. RCA Victor LOP 1001, $4.98.	As widely separated as are the backgrounds of Miss ("Liza Doolittle") Andrews and Giorgio ("Doctor") Tozzi, they collaborate in a fragrant reminiscence of the quality in Friml's durable score, admirably disciplined by conductor Engel and well played by his English musicians. Included are such favorites as "Indian Love Song," "Totem Tom Tom," and the title tune, as well as all the others. Fine sound, too.
Cole, Nat: "A Mis Amigos," with orchestra conducted by Dave Cavanaugh. Capitol SW 1220, $5.98. "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," with the choir of the First Church of Deliverance conducted by Gordon Jenkins. Capitol SW 1249, $5.98.	Some "variety" cuts of Cole's variegated talent, and not the prime meaty sort, to this taste. In the first, he works over some Latin materials acquired or featured during a recent tour of the Caribbean areas—"Suas Maos," "Fantastica," "El Choclo" among others—which are not particularly responsive to his silky-suave style nor he to their intricate rhythms. Some may find his soul-searching in "I Want to Be Ready," "Standin' In the Need of Prayer," or "Steal Away," etc., convincing, but it sounds more like entertainment than devotion.
Connor, Chris: "Witchcraft," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Like a Woman," "Lady Sings the Blues," etc. With Richard Wess conducting. Atlantic 8032, $3.98.	According to annotator Rogers Whitaker, this disc finds Miss Connor translated from the "smoky room" to "an ivory tower." Maybe that's why it is bowed down by affectations and abuses of the melodic line above and beyond the permissible limits of improvisation. She has a good beat in some tunes, and the three groups which work over the twelve numbers are studded with talented players, but it lacks two elements: feeling and discipline.
Fitzgerald, Ella: "Sam and Delilah" and nine other songs by George-Ira Gershwin. Verve MG V 4024, $4.98.	Five times ten is fifty, or the total of George and Ira Gershwin tunes sung on the five Verve records which make up Ella Fitzgerald's contribution to the commemoration of the Gershwin Song Book. (Nos. 4024-5-6-7-8). Time has not yet presented itself for a complete go-round of the ten sides, but the first encounter confirms the expectable: Gershwin plus Fitzgerald is something different from, and in some instances, superior to, Gershwin with anybody else. Withal, the Nelson Riddle arrangements don't liberate the really intimate moods of Ella heard in her work with Ellis Larkins, though every so often (as in "He Loves, She Loves") he conceives a really brilliant transformation of the basic material (here as a "cha cha"). On the other hand, the following slow tempo "Love Is Sweeping the Country" is a wide stretch for a missed effect. The total contents: Vol. 1—"Sam and Delilah," "But Not for Me," "My One and Only," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "Beginner's Luck," "Oh, Lady Be Good," "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "Things Are Looking Up," "Just Another Rhumba," "How Long Has This Been Going On?". Vol. 2—" 'S Wonderful," "The Man I Love," "That Certain Feeling," "By Strauss," "Someone to Watch Over Me," "The Real American Folk Song," "Who Cares?", "Looking for a Boy," "They All Laughed," "My Cousin from Milwaukee," "Somebody from Somewhere." Vol. 3—"Foggy Day," "Clap Yo' Hands," "For You, for Me, for Evermore," "Stiff Upper Lip," "Boy Wanted," "Strike Up the Band," "Soon," "I've Got a Crush on You," "Bidin' My Time," "Aren't You Kind of Glad," "Of Thee I Sing." Vol. 4—"The Half of It Dearie, Blues," "I Was Doing All Right," "He Loves and She Loves," "Love Is Sweeping the Country," "Treat Me Rough," "Love Is Here to Stay," "Slap That Bass," "Isn't It a Pity," "Shall We Dance," "Love Walked In," "You've Got What Gets Me." Vol. 5—"They Can't Take That Away," "Embraceable You," "I Can't Be Bothered Now," "Boy! What Love Has Done to Me," "Fascinatin' Rhythm," "Funny Face," "Lorelei," "Oh, So Nice," "Let's Kiss and Make Up," "I Got Rhythm." If Norman Granz were a philanthropist (which he isn't) he would put together the ten best tracks and really have a Gershwin disc to end all Gershwin discs.
Holiday, Billie: "Them There Eyes," and twenty-two other tunes. Decca DXB 161, $9.96.	As a title, the "Billie Holiday Story" is no more inaccurate a description of these two discs than many others, but it only covers the period 1944-1950, and that not exhaustively. Not only the famous early Brunswick discs, but also the Commodore "Strange Fruit" and others are, of course, absent. What we have here are some fine—"Crazy He Calls Me," "Porgy," "God Bless the Child," "Lover Man"—sides, and some that range from defiant ("Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do") to tawdry ("Heaven to Me"). The "comments" are borrowed from William Dufty's collaboration "Lady Sings the Blues," plus other reminiscences in the same vein. The list of participating musicians is a "Who Was Who" of jazz.
Murray, Kathleen, and others in Kern-Bolton-Wodehouse's "Leave It to Jane," conducted by Joseph Stecko. Strand SLS 1002, $4.98.	The opportunity to hear such songs as "The Siren's Song," "The Crickets Are Calling," and "Leave It to Jane Jane Jane" in their original context is more than welcome, and Miss Murray (otherwise unknown to me) heads an "original cast"—forty-two years after the premiere year of 1917—full of talent, youth, and enthusiasm. I doubt, however, that the spirit of the original was as choppy, mechanistic, or rinky-dink (to borrow a term of the Thirties) as it is made to sound here.
Shearing, George-Lee, Peggy. "Do I Love You," "I Lost My Sugar in Kansas City," "If Dreams Come True," "All Too Soon," "Mambo in Miami," "Blue Prelude," "Get Out of Town," "Satin Doll," etc. Capitol ST 1219, $4.98.	With or without the accompanying applause from 2,500 disc jockeys assembled in convention at Miami last May who were the audience for this recital (how many are still spinning platters?), the combination of Shearing's quintet and Miss Lee's vocalizing is complementary and companionable. Interspersed among the vocals are wordless commentaries from Shearing and the ensemble, spiked, in such items as "Mambo in Miami," "Satin Doll," and "Isn't It Romantic," by the conga drummer Armando Peraza. A several-sided pleasure.
Sinatra, Frank with Gordon Jenkins's orchestra: "When No One Cares," "Cottage for Sale," "Where Did You Go?", "Here's That Rainy Day," "I Can't Get Started," "Just Friends," "I'll Never Smile Again." Capitol SW 1221, $5.98.	Given the song-in-the-heart-with-the-tear-in-the-eye, Sinatra can be as insinuating as ever, especially as supported by the tasteful work of Gordon Jenkins. Tchaikovsky may not have anticipated this treatment of "None but the Lonely Heart," but he could hardly doubt the sincerity of the sentiment with which it is delivered. Included is Cy Coleman and Joseph A. McCarthy's "Why Try to Change Me Now?," the Sinatra equivalent of Holiday's "Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do."
Southern, Jeri: "I Thought of You Last Night," "Better Go Now," "Remind Me," etc. Capitol ST 1278, $4.98.	Doubtless the Crescendo, a night club on Hollywood's Sunset Strip (where this disc was made), has attractions not perceptible in the music purveyed on this rather sad little endeavor. It could hardly be Miss Southern's "singing" the listeners are applauding. —I.K.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For those who value good music and fine furniture...

THERE'S A NEW KIND OF STEREO HIGH-FIDELITY CONSOLE

For years, people who cared about good music and fine furniture searched for a way to enclose high-fidelity equipment in a cabinet that had the quality of fine furniture.

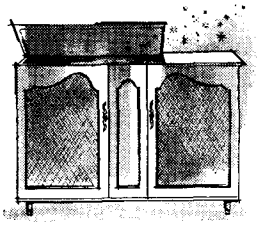


Until now, they had to compromise. They had to sacrifice high-fidelity if they wanted a good looking cabinet. If they would not compromise on sound quality, they had to choose high-fidelity components—or more recently, stereo high-fidelity components—which may not have been quite so appealing.

If you are one of those people, and dislike compromise, you will be interested in this new kind of stereo high-fidelity console.

Stromberg-Carlson has created a new kind of console that reproduces music as faithfully as separately mounted components.

We call this new kind of console **STROMBERG-CARLSON INTEGRITY SERIES COMPONENT ENSEMBLES.** To uncompromising people, each word in that name is significant.



First, see the styles designed by Federico and rendered by cabinet craftsmen. Then you will understand why we prefer you see them rather than read about them.

Second, listen. The music is clear and precise—like no other reproduction you have ever heard unless you own—or have listened to—a high quality stereo high-fidelity component system.

If you value good music and good furniture, no one will have to "sell" you an Integrity Series Ensemble after you see and hear it. (And if you don't, no one will try.)

Why Integrity Series Ensembles differ from any other console.

Integrity Series Ensembles employ high quality components, of course. But we and other manufacturers have used them in consoles before without success. The problem is universal: Until now, when full range speakers were rigidly mounted in the same console as high quality components, there was a serious loss of sound quality.

This loss—most often recognized as muddy or boomy noises—is caused by what is called "feedback." It occurs because sensitive high quality stereo components can detect the speaker vibrations which are fed back through the body of the cabinet. These vibrations are amplified with the music and reproduced as noise.

If you own a console now, but do not hear these noises, it is not because your ears are insensitive.

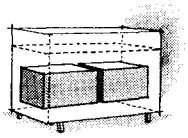
You do not hear them because we and every other console manufacturer had to eliminate them by compromising the musical reproduction of your console. You do not hear them because the sound you hear is not complete.

Integrity Series Ensembles are different from ordinary consoles because they give you complete sound without muddy or boomy noises.

How Stromberg-Carlson Eliminated Feedback Noises in Integrity Series Ensembles

It was a painstaking process, but now we can explain it quickly:

The Integrity Series Ensemble is the first successful uncompromised console because we have developed a way to control feedback. The key development is what we call ISO-COUSTIC SPEAKER SYSTEM MOUNTING. (We put it in capital letters because—we must confess—we are rather proud of this radical new achievement.) The ISO-COUSTIC Mounting creates a cabinet-within-cabinet suspension system which prevents transmission of speaker vibrations to the sensitive components. If you component owners could put your equipment into a cabinet whose speaker systems have our ISO-COUSTIC Mounting, the quality of the sound you'd hear would be as good as it is now. *In fact, the components we use are the same ones you would choose for your separately mounted component system.*



Why others have failed.

Others have failed because they have tried to correct the problem without isolation. We believe we succeeded because we knew we had to develop a *new kind* of console that isolated the speaker system.

We were fortunate, too, because we had already developed a system that met the precise quality requirements, the Acoustical Labyrinth® Speaker System.

Our next problem was to reduce this popular system to a size that would allow two of them to fit into a reasonable-size stereo ensemble.

We did it.

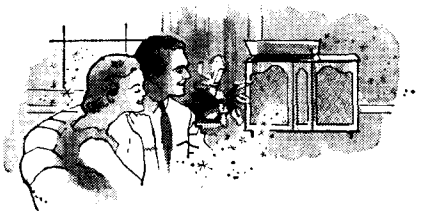
The most convincing proof of this is that Integrity Series Ensembles use the same components you would use in a separately mounted system. They are *interchangeable.*

Won't become obsolete.

Since the components *are* interchangeable, any future development in stereo or high fidelity can be incorporated simply by replacing existing components. You never replace the cabinetry.

If you know a lot about stereo high fidelity, there is nothing more we can tell you. You're on your own.

If you know little about stereo high-fidelity equipment . . . but you love to listen to the most realistic music reproduction you can possibly hear . . . you may want the advice of someone whose judgement in music you respect. Ask him to join you in listening to this new kind of high-fidelity console at one of the better department, music or component stores. Listen closely. Ask questions. Then, accept not our judgement, but your own, and his.



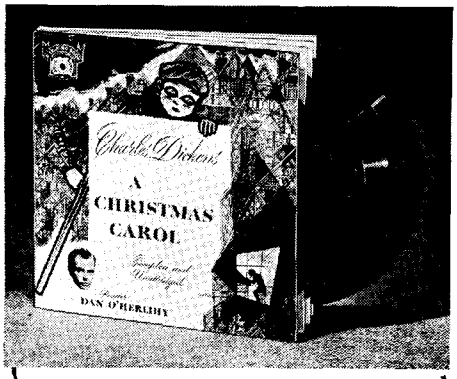
INTEGRITY SERIES COMPONENT ENSEMBLES . . . three hundred and fifty dollars to about six thousand dollars. You may choose from 16 models in traditional, contemporary and period stylings, each tastefully designed by Federico. You may select your own components, or choose a recommended component complement—in any case components are always interchangeable.

For a complete color catalog of Integrity Series Component Ensembles and components write Stromberg-Carlson, Special Products Division, 1427 N. Goodman Street, Rochester 3, N. Y.

"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"

STROMBERG-CARLSON
A DIVISION OF **GENERAL DYNAMICS**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just Out and Just In Time for Your Joyous Holidays!

AUDIO BOOK *PRESENTS*

CHARLES DICKENS' INSPIRING

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Complete and unabridged on 4 Audio Book Ultra Microgroove 16 rpm records

A masterful reading by Dan O'Herlihy, the famous Irish actor, in which Dickens' memorable characters come vividly alive. His message is stirringly conveyed and packed with time-tested appeal.

Recorded in its entirety for the first time!

OBTAIN THIS ALBUM AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOK OR RECORD STORE — $4.95

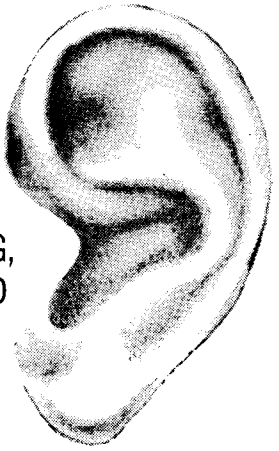
Complete Catalogs Available

AUDIO BOOK COMPANY

St. Joseph, Michigan

"Great Literature in High-Fidelity"

THE EAR THAT HAS HEARD EVERYTHING, HAS HEARD NOTHING UNTIL IT HEARS



"JOSE MELIS AT CHRISTMAS"

Dazzling, superlative, swirling scintillating and kaleidoscopic, could all be used to describe the music of Jose Melis . . . You will discover that his technique, whether displayed in monophonic or stereo recording, is a listening experience of rare pleasure, deserving inclusion in every record library.

Available both in Stereo and Monaural

HI-FIDELITY

SEECO

STEREOPHONIC RECORDS

CELP 423

SEECO RECORDS, 39 W. 60 ST., N.Y.C.

Roaming In Wyoming

TO THOSE who complain that life today in America is standardized and mechanized, Harry Jackson's album of cowboy songs will come as a breath of Spring, summoning them to range over the hills and far away. (Harry Jackson: "The Cowboy. His Songs, Ballads and Brag Talk." Edited and annotated by Kenneth S. Goldstein. Folkways Records FH 5723, $5.95.) Harry Jackson from the earliest age has been a cow-puncher and a singer who made his songs reflect the way he lived, thought, and spoke. He learnt his songs from older cowboys on the trail, and in the bunkhouses and rodeos. From cowboy and singer he became a painter of fame, and a sculptor in bronze whose works perpetuate scenes and incidents of his life on the great ranches of Wyoming.

These cowboy songs, Kenneth Goldstein tells us in his informative introduction, are basically of two kinds: work songs and bunkhouse or rodeo songs. The former are sung by the cowboy when he is riding on the range, and they keep pace with the gentle rhythm of the horse's hooves. They help him through the long lonesome nights of riding after his herd, but their most important use is to quiet the restless steers who might be frightened by the howling wolves into stampeding. They are not group songs like the sailor's shanties or those of the Negro prison gangs, but individual songs which the cowboy employs in his herding, for as Frank Dobie, the celebrated Texan story-teller says, "Singing, whistling, chanting, humming seem to have a soothing effect on the toughest old Longhorns."

The bunkhouse and rodeo songs, on the other hand, are for entertainment after the evening meal at the ranch or on the range. They, too, are individual in scope and are often sung in rivalry with other cowboys, or else exchanged with them for other songs. Many, but not all, were learned from oral sources. Sometimes the cowboy verses were clipped out of newspapers and magazines, set to tunes, and thus started on their oral circulation, but of them as of European folksongs Boehme's ancient dictum is true: "First one man sings a song and then others sing it after him, changing what they do not like."

The subject-matter of the cowboy's songs is the reality of his daily life on the trail: we have in this album the song of the round-up cook, the man who feeds the cowboys, wakes him in the morning, and cures him when he is sick: he is the uncrowned king of the camp—"The Pot Wrassler," as he claims in the rousing song of that title. Harry Jackson includes many examples of songs sung by the cowboy when herding cattle, breaking broncos, and also when carousing with his companions or serenading his sweetheart, but the most striking are those inspired by his meditations on sudden death and the hereafter.

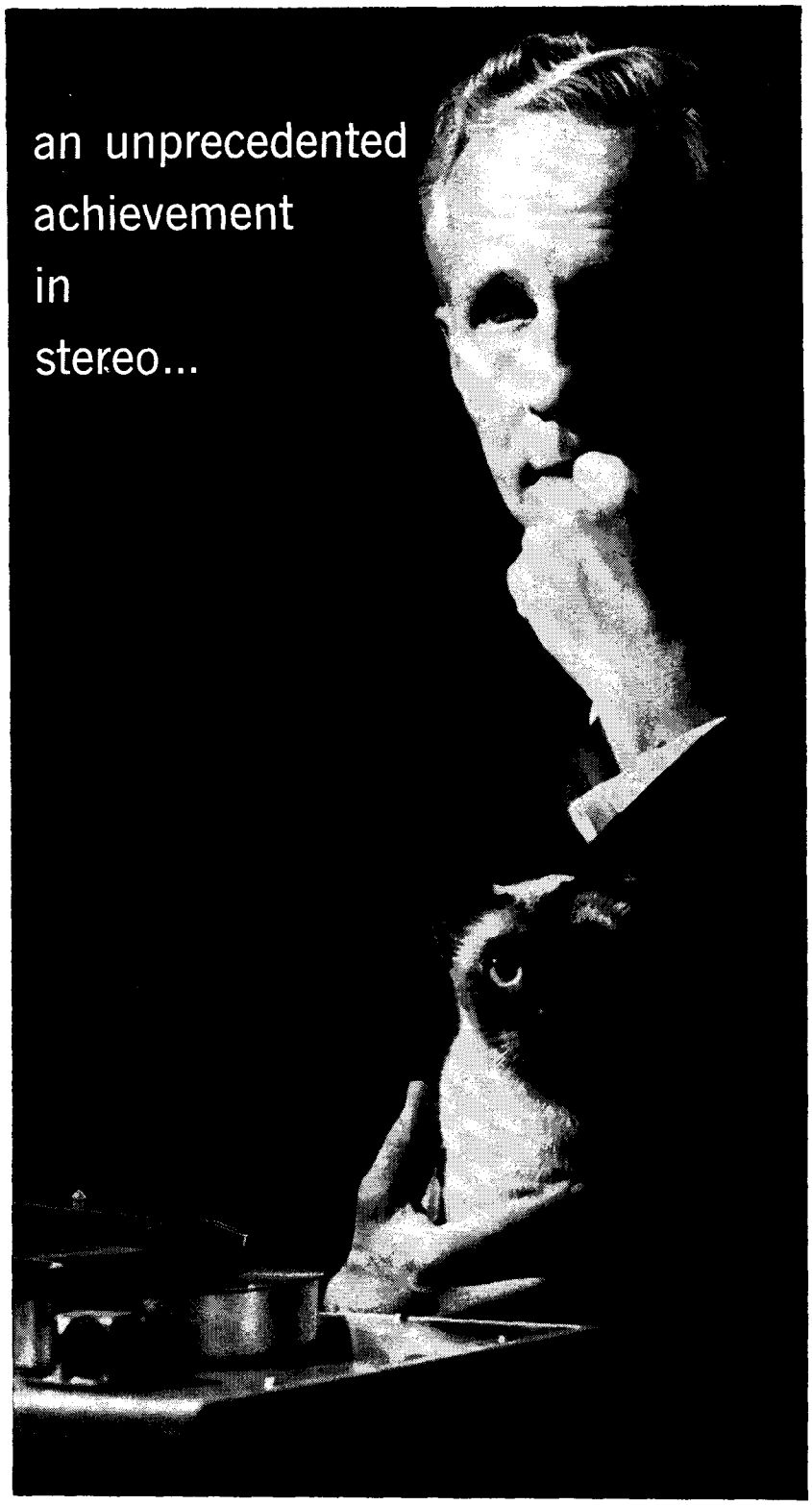
When cowboys gather by the chuck-wagon or in taverns they engage in bragging contests which recall similar verbal contests and the Basque *Bertsulari* or folk-singers, in Spain, but that mood soon gives way to melancholy when the cowboy remembers the fate of "Little Joe, the Wrangler," or "Utah Carrol"—who saved his boss's daughter from death in front of a stampeding herd, only to fall victim himself. "Clayton Boone" is a striking illustration of how a traditional European ballad may be transformed by the nomadic cowboy singers of America. The song came from the English and Scottish ballads "The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies O!" and "The Gypsie Laddie," which told the tale of Johnnie Faa, the Gypsy chieftain, and Lady Jean Hamilton, Countess of Cassilis in the first half of the seventeenth century. In the Scottish border version Johnnie Faa with his fiddle "cast the glamour" o'er the Countess and enticed her away from her house and lord, but the gypsy fiddler and his fourteen brothers were hanged for their crime, and the ballad ends with the lines:

> An' we were a' put down for one,
> A fair young wanton lady.

In the cowboy version not a trace remains of the bustling traditional 4/4 tune in Aeolian mode, but some of the words of the original poem are repeated in the American version. "Old Blue Was a Gray Horse," which in its original form was Irish and described a horse race at Kildare in the early nineteenth century, has a tune which resembles an older and more celebrated Irish ballad about Napoleon, "The Old Gray Mare," sung by the old Dublin ballad singers. Irish in idiom, too, is the fine riding song "I Ride an Old Paint," of which Carl Sandburg that patriarchal minstrel of America and the author of "Song Bag," said that it "smelt of saddle leather."

In this album we find a rich primitive poetry wedded to popular music that often reminds us of the chivalrous *gaucho* cowboys of the Pampas consecrated in "Martin Fierro." The cowboy of Wyoming so dearly loves his horse that he begs when he dies his bones shall be tied to his horse and the two of them sent wandering with faces to the West. —WALTER STARKIE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



awe-inspiring realism ...unparalleled record protection

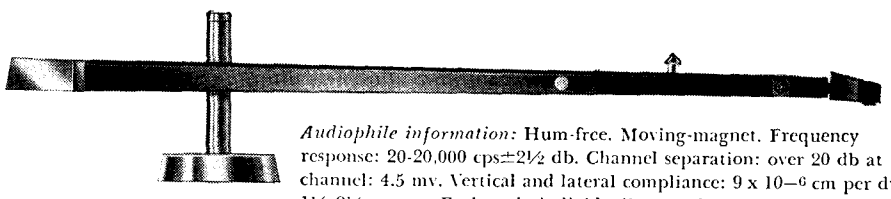
Shure announces a major development in high fidelity stereo . . . a completely compatible stereo tone arm and cartridge that recreates sound with incredible fidelity, transparency and smoothness throughout the entire audible spectrum. Even elusive middle-range nuances emerge clearly and incisively. It tracks records at a hitherto impossibly light 1½-2½ grams! *In fact, it will not scratch or damage record grooves, even if carelessly handled.* It preserves record fidelity indefinitely by virtually eliminating surface wear.

THE MAGNIFICENT

SHURE STUDIO

Stereo Dynetic

HIGH FIDELITY INTEGRATED TONE ARM AND CARTRIDGE



Audiophile information: Hum-free. Moving-magnet. Frequency response: 20-20,000 cps±2½ db. Channel separation: over 20 db at 1000 cps. Output per channel: 4.5 mv. Vertical and lateral compliance: 9 x 10^{-6} cm per dyne. Tracking force: 1½-2½ grams. Each unit individually tested electrically, acoustically, mechanically. With .0007" diamond stylus precision manufactured by Shure*. 89.50 net.

Hear it at your local high fidelity consultant's or dealer's show room, or write for free high-fidelity brochure: Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, Dept. 7-L.

*WHEN REPLACING THE STYLUS, insist on a genuine Shure stylus with the certification "Precision Manufactured by Shure." Don't accept inferior imitations. They can seriously degrade the performance of your cartridge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bloch, Ben-Haim, Barber and Dahl

SHORTLY after Ernest Bloch died in Portland, Oregon, last July, Leopold Stokowski began his first program in the Empire State Music Festival with a tribute to his memory. He spoke briefly about Bloch's greatness and his spirit, and then led the Symphony of the Air in a touching reading of his "Cortège Funèbre," one of the three "Jewish Poems" written in 1913, three years before he composed "Schelomo." It was a moving performance, and while the music did not sing with any insistence of greatness, it was nonetheless beautiful; and one wondered why such fine music should be neglected while so much other music is being murdered by endless repetition. Although Bloch himself had introduced the "Jewish Poems" to America as early as 1916, when he conducted them at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, they have figured but slightly in the repertory of American orchestras since that time.

The tribute paid by Stokowski in the festival performance was small compared with the program he had conducted as part of the 1959 fund-raising campaign for the United Jewish Appeal on February 16. The program included Bloch's "Schelomo" and Paul Ben-Haim's suite, "From Israel." At the conclusion of this concert, both works were recorded for this United Artists disc (Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air, George Neikrug, cello soloist; United Artists UAS 8005 (Stereo), $4.98). And as Stokowski did back in his Philadelphia Orchestra days, he again releases the full, deep richness of this soulful piece.

Cellist George Neikrug plays with both intensity and warmth, and the Symphony of the Air playing well—as it all too frequently does not—sounds as only Stokowski seems able to make it. It is a welcome recording, and a bravo to United Artists for its programmatic choice of these works, even though "Schelomo" is not a rarity. We find it adequately represented in catalogs by available recordings with star-studded names as performers. Absent from the current listing is an older version that would also be sought after by perceptive collectors—the recording of Emanuel Feuermann and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski. Few recorded performances have been as luminous. Even by present standards it deserves the Kolodin appraisal, "dazzling in its fiery brightness and sonority." Both versions might well be considered collector's items.

Subtitled "Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra," "Schelomo" is one of the great expressions of the Hebraic spirit in music. "What I am interested in," stated Bloch, "is the Jewish soul with its complexity, its ardour and its agitation, which I feel vibrating throughout the Bible, the freshness and simplicity of the patriarchs, the vehemence expressed by the Prophets, the love for justice, the despair of Ecclesiastes, the pain and depth of the Book of Job, the sensuality of the Song of Songs. . . . And this is what I try to transfer to my music, the emotions of a race that slumber in our soul." And this Stokowski evokes with all the sensuousness, vibrancy, and woe-laden emotion inherent in Bloch's score.

Paul Ben-Haim, called Frankenburger in his pre-Hitlerian German days, is more self-consciously Jewish. His approach to Jewish expression is by appropriation of various external factors: folk idioms, characteristic regional devices, and the like. Although the intent behind Ben-Haim's Suite is not a profound one, it is productive of some very agreeable music. The Suite is in five movements: "Prologue," "Song of Songs," "Yemenite Melody," "Siesta," and "Celebration." The "Song of Songs" is poetic and unhackneyed, and the treatment of the Yemenite melody reminds one of devices used by both Cowell and Hovhaness in their Near Eastern experiments. It is, withal, unpretentiously pleasant.

INGOLF DAHL: *Allegro and Arioso for Five Wind Instruments (1942).* SAMUEL BARBER: *"Summer Music" for Woodwind Quintet.* ALVIN ETLER: *Quintet for Winds (1955). The New York Woodwind Quintet.* Concert-Disc (Stereo) CS-216, $6.95.

IT IS REALLY not paradoxical that music can sound better than it looks or look better than it sounds. "Paper music" is the description of the latter: it is the intellectualized music; the well-written; the splendidly knit; the neatly thought out; the architecturally constructed; the example of impressive craftsmanship; the beautifully patterned. One could go on indefinitely. It is musicians' music.

Then there is music that is deceptively effective: simple; music that may look obvious, but *sound*. Many lasting classics, many enduring melodies belong to this latter segment. America's lowly-skilled, craftless tunesmith William Billings once observed: ". . . all the hard, dry rules will not enable any Person to form an Air without genius. Nature must inspire the thought."

But inspiration sans craft can produce some quite appalling sprawls and floundering. In music it is always a mixture of craft and spirit.

Ingolf Dahl is a Professor of Music at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. He is indeed a highly skilled and sensitive musician. Without hearing his Allegro and Arioso (1942) one can see from the score that it is the product of a sure hand, and a sharp craftsman. A footnote in the score informs the player that "the accents and sforzandi which divide the measures into irregular 2/16, 3/16, and 4/16 meters must be well brought out." The Allegro is by intent hard-driving and frenetic. It is not particularly agreeable nor was it intended to be. The unidentified annotator of the liner notes refers to passages of "boiling tremolo, staccato onslaught," and "a final blare of trill." The entire Arioso, he states, "contains within its lyricism the seed of angular writing."

The climate of Samuel Barber's "Summer Music" is more that of where fancy is bred. It sounds. It is not an intellectualized score, and its climax soars in a "slightly broader, exultant" passage that builds without obvious calculation. Its title is apt and the seeds of lyricism here are more those of summer's languor than of academic agitation. Following the Dahl work it is an auditory vacation, and productive unquestionably of that which one calls pleasant listening. Barber's diatonic lyricism is a soothing contrast to the more naughty world of many of his dodecaphonic confreres.

The name of Etler is not too well known. It is one of the sound-alikes: Etler, Fetler, and Pletner. All three are currently producing skilfully written, publishable music. After listening to this craftfully written work, one should remember and distinguish Alvin Etler. Iowa-born Etler is currently teaching at Smith College; previous assignments have been Yale, Cornell and the University of Illinois. He is a too little known top-flight musician. He writes with great technical skill. His Quintet is not only listener's music and composer's music, but surely player's music too. One can be pleasured by its sound and substance and one can enjoy the masterful handling of musical material. The alternation of slow-fast-slow-fast, for its four movements, is meaningful. —OLIVER DANIEL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Work

Continued from page 15

said, can it, in support of the common contention that Americans are a people who take pride and pleasure in what they do?

It is only in recent years that this subject has begun to be discussed. Before that, for something more than a decade, the national mood had been one of self-congratulation. Ordinary people seemed to be devoting their lives more or less pleasurably to the accumulation of an endless stream of commodities; even the intellectuals were commencing to confess in their house organs that America was more beautiful than they had previously conceded. But then the Russians sent up Sputnik, and the economic bubble burst at home. And it began to be legitimate to ask not only what had happened to American technology, and whether American education was capable of turning out more than mediocrities and juvenile delinquents, but who was responsible for recessions, why we permitted our magnificent landscape to be irremediably defaced with jerry-built, split-level slums, and how it had come to pass that although our foreign policy was not only invariably right, but heaven-inspired, we were increasingly mistrusted and feared by our former admirers. And, finally, there were those who posed the question as to whether our working lives actually yielded sufficient satisfactions to compensate for the eroding sacrifices demanded by the work. In short, a few of us have at last begun, haltingly and often not without embarrassment, to state publicly that this nation, far from having solved anything beyond certain comparatively simple production-distribution problems (which are currently being solved at least as thoroughly by other nations too), now confronts problems awesome in their magnitude and demanding not merely an easy patriotism but a steadfast humility and a willingness to go to the heart of the matter. The question I am considering here is whether one of those problems—the meaning of work—can be brought forth from the philosopher's study and placed where it belongs—in the political arena—as a public issue in the widest sense of that term.

So now we can return to the implications in the title of these remarks. Surely the questions we have just raised must indicate that in this country today the problem of satisfying work is indissolubly linked with that of fruitful leisure. The problem of leisure is interlocked with that of the content and control of the mass media; which problem in turn cuts to the heart of a commercially oriented culture. In short, the probing of what at first consideration may seem a comparatively limited problem, is actually nothing less than a revolutionary act, calling into question our very social structure.

It need hardly be added that there are no present indications of public readiness for revolutionary acts of this order, any more than for the placing on the agenda as public issues some of the other social problems referred to earlier. Nonetheless, those of us who believe that American democracy derives its continuing vitality from people rather than from things, and from the people's response to the conditions of their lives, must remain confident that the inexhaustible reserves of rebelliousness of the wilful human spirit will one day assert themselves against the stultifying vegetativeness of the modern American work routine.

Harvey Swados, whose novel "False Coin" will be published early in 1960 by Little, Brown and Company, teaches courses in literature and writing at Sarah Lawrence College.

Valentine

By Paul Petrie

How I went mad in the clearing
beating on the white saplings
with my staff,
my feet thrusting
into the naked earth,
and cried
to the ants and the ferns and the clouds
to surround
and partake me,
and rolled on the stiff blades of summer
like the gods;
this I confess to you with whom I have halved
all the forests of joy.

MOLIÈRE
The Comic Mask

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS
author of *François Villon*

A sparkling biography of the strolling player who became Louis XIV's state entertainer, by an eminent scholar, biographer, journalist and translator. Mr. Lewis blends the ironic comedy of Molière's own life with an appreciation of his scintillating works, tracing their inspiration to actual 17th-century French figures and events. $4.00

The Complete Book of Coin Collecting

by JOSEPH COFFIN

A new, completely revised, expanded edition of the classic guide for beginners and advanced collectors both. Invaluable advice on how to get the most enjoyment with the least possible waste of time or money. *Glossary, bibliography, 16 pages of illustrations.* $3.95

MANUAL OF BEL CANTO

by IDA FRANCA

A concise, definitive guide to vocal technique, Madame Franca's instructive manual is the first book of its kind written in English. "Should be a permanent guide for young singers and students of singing."—ALEXANDER KIPNIS. "A very fine and useful book for singers and teachers of singing."—BERNARD TAYLOR, President, Natl. Assoc. of Teachers of Singing. $10.00

At all bookstores

Coward-McCann

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don Pablo

(*Continued from page 24*)

other individual compositions had special meaning for him.

"Many pieces," he said, "but none that I felt owned me and expressed me as much as the B Flat Quartet. Yet, when I get up in the morning, I can think only of Bach. I have the feeling that the world is being reborn. Nature always seems more in evidence to me in the morning. And when I come back from my walk I always sit down at the piano and play Bach—generally the *'Wohltemperirte Klavier'*. Here is the passage I like."

He went over to the piano and began to play. I had forgotten that Don Pablo had achieved proficiency on several musical instruments before he took up the cello. He hummed as he played, then said that Bach spoke to him here—and he placed his hand over his heart.

"There is one other piece I must tell you about. This one, too, has special meaning. I think it is the piece I would like most to hear again during my last moments on earth. How lovely and moving it is. The second movement of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet."

DON PABLO played it. His fingers were thin and the skin was pale but they belonged to the most extraordinary hands I had ever seen. They seemed to have a wisdom and a grace of their own. When he played Mozart, he was clearly the interpreter and not just the performer; yet it was difficult to imagine how the piece could be played in any other way.

After he got up from the piano, he apologized for having taken up so much time in our talk about music instead of discussing the affairs of the world. I told him I had the impression that what he had been saying and doing was most relevant in terms of the world's affairs. In the discussion that followed, there seemed to be agreement on the proposition that the most serious part of the problem of world peace was that the individual felt helpless.

"The answer to helplessness is not so very complicated," Don Pablo said. "A man can do something for peace without having to jump into politics. Each man has inside him a basic decency and goodness. If he listens to it and acts it, he is giving a great deal of what it is the world needs most. It is not complicated but it takes courage. It takes courage for a man to listen to his own goodness and act on it. Do we dare to be ourselves? This is the question that counts—and not, must a man be helpless?"

—N.C.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

BOOK AND BOOKLET PRODUCTION from manuscript to bound copies—without evaluation or merchandising. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149th Street, NYC 55.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

FICTION. American, British, Continental. Also Americana, Literature, etc. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

SELLING HANDSOME FIRST EDITIONS: James Branch Cabell, also miscellaneous histories, biographies. List sent. NYC. Box K-552.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUES—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

CUSTOM-DESIGNED BOOKPLATES. Ideal for individual, family, firm. No stock designs. Dolphin Bookplates, Dept. SR59, 4140 Washington, St. Louis, Missouri.

OUT-OF-PRINT

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Try me first! Box 2570 R, Long Beach 1, California.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

WE CAN FIND THE BOOKS you want. Maximum speed, minimum cost. QUEENS BOOKS, Box 188, Long Island City 4, New York.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

ART

GRAPHIC ART of French masters and young moderns through December. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64th-65th Street).

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

ART PRINTS $1.00. Illustrated catalogue 10¢. Print Shop, 812-R No. Highland, Hollywood 28, California.

JAPANESE ART COLLECTION dispersing. Museum quality. Extensive. Rare opportunity. Reasonable. Box K-384.

PAINTINGS HELEN SHOTWELL through December 20th. Carnegie Hall Lounge Art Gallery, 154 West 57th Street, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 7:30 P.M., Friday and Sunday, 2:30 P.M.

LOUIS R. GLESSMANN, Drawings, December 15th—31st. At Angeleski Gallery, 1044 Madison Avenue (79th Street), NYC.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

SELF HYPNOSIS, personality, vocabulary improvement on LP. Over 200 really unusual records. Catalogue free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-RE, Olympia, Washington.

RECORD FROM YOUR TAPES. LPs, 45s, 78s. All sizes. Write for details. IMP, Box A 1266, Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts.

HOBBIES

307 DIFFERENT WORLDWIDE STAMPS only 25¢. Approvals. Niagara Stamp, St. Catharines 761, Ontario.

CERAMICS

JOIN POT OF THE MONTH CLUB. Free brochure. Box J-957.

PERSONALS

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import; Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods; Sperrhake Harpsichords. Free catalogue. 12-9-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—Economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, Interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Challenges professors; intrigues children. Set, instructions, $5.00. Milton Bradley, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers, and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. How, when, and where to apply, $1.00. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad." Dorf, 186-PD, Covington Lane, Woodbury, New Jersey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

HOW BEAUTIFUL CAN A BLANKET BE? Try an Irish hand-woven one from AVOCA HANDWEAVERS. Carol Brown, Putney 5, Vermont.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

THE AMAZING "ELECTRONIC EDUCATOR" offers exciting new concept in education. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-J, Olympia, Washington.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new booklet describes all possibilities for employment abroad, government and private—administrative, teaching, secretarial, technical, newspaper, many others—$1.00. Included free, "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Foreign Countries." Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5.

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS—Baroque woodwinds and brasses. Write Wayne Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS 1¾ x 3½ ft. Two for $3. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

TRAVEL WRITERS WANTED. Editors are looking for articles and photos on travel and new horizons. Get your share of this profitable market. The 44-page manual, "Travel Writer's Passport," gives you detailed magazine and newspaper information and editorial requirements; foreign and American information sources; extensive bibliography; urbane commentary. The price is $1.00, postpaid. Order your copy today directly from publisher: Martin Gross, P.O. Box 3021, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

A MOST CHARMING and interesting collection of rattan and wicker gifts. Send for free catalogue. Round the World Basket & Gift Shop, Inc., 444 Third Avenue (31st) NYC, MUrray Hill 4-5596.

TELEVISION PROGRAM DIRECTOR, 31, married, seeks interesting work in Europe—in related or unrelated field. 9 years background in TV-Radio as program director, production chief, director, announcer. Salary not of primary importance. Box K-364.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY: Professor of English Language and Literature for Lady Doak College, a church related college for girls in Madurai, South India. Appointee to be a woman 35 to 60 years of age. a Ph.D. or M.A. in English with at least 5 years of college teaching experience and Protestant church affiliation. Three year term. Small but adequate salary, round-trip travel. Correspond with Miss Katie Wilcox, Chester, Connecticut.

RECORDERS make perfect Christmas presents. Records, music too. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

HOLLY FOR CHRISTMAS. Everyone likes holly. It is a discriminating and appreciated gift. Charming small boxful of our most beautiful English holly, $2.50, postpaid special delivery. Also large 4-lb. box, $4.95. Richen's Oregon Select Holly Farm, Sherwood, Oregon.

MALE COLLEGE GRADUATE desires position assisting magazine editor. Box K-381.

FLORIDA COLLEGE GUIDE, $1.00. Florida Education Service, P.O. Box 5825, Tampa 5.

COLLEGE GRADUATE with one year graduate experience desires suggestions. Politically minded. Box K-537.

M.A. HISTORY, B.A. ENGLISH—seeks employment as research assistant. Box K-555.

L'EXPRESS—foremost French weekly. Special Christmas rate. Write Howard Publications Etrangeres, 206 East 17th Street, New York 3, Dept. 1A.

HOME FROM EUROPE am I, seeking stimulating, challenging position in communication or entertainment fields; have diversified work experience, youth, femininity, B.A., and skills. Box K-557.

PERSONALS

WANTED: STEINWAY BABY GRAND—5'1"—good condition, vicinity New York or Westchester. Box K-553.

TEST THE VALIDITY of arguments with the MELZER VALIDASCOPE, a manually operated logical calculator. Reduced to $1.00 postpaid. Dr. John Melzer, Professor of Philosophy, Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama.

FRESH READING. A different weekly newspaper every other week. Six times $2.29. Twelve $4.50. Gift Card. "Weeklies." Box K-570.

"GO" PLAYERS, LEARNERS: Join American Go Association, receive quarterly Journal, meet other players. Dues $4 yearly. Write 20 Church Court, Closter, New Jersey.

PUBLISHED WRITER, trained in fiction, nonfiction, editing, wants work on any subject. Box K-559.

EXCELLENT LYRICIST and paid writer wishes professional musical collaborator. Box K-568.

STUDENT SEEKS qualified editorial assistance; light verse collection. Manhattan. Box K-558.

WANTED: An Albert Schweitzer to practice medicine where needed. Hospital, integrated community, opportunity for challenging, purposeful yet rewarding service. Write: C. C. Lehr, Gackle, North Dakota.

TRAVELING ABROAD? Teacher available to accompany, services. References. Box K-556.

EX-MARINE, 25, SINGLE, no ties, seeks interesting permanent position personal secretary, investigator or traveling aide. Write Ed Post, 4627 Cass, San Diego 9, California.

RARE MUSIC LOVERS: Copland, "Piano Fantasy"; also other rarely played works by Bach, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Chabrier. MacRae Cook at Town Hall. Evening, December 15th.

TALENTED LISTENER wants interesting research job psychiatric field. Box K-575.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MEXICO. SAN MIGUEL DE ALLENDE, Guanajuato, charming house, patio, garden, furnished, modern conveniences, $100 monthly, including service. Apartado 123.

HOUSES WANTED

NEW YORK STATE: Bachelor physician returning from foreign service summer 1960 seeks small inexpensive house to rent or buy on estate, or in village or rural area. Near bus or railroad. Box K-528.

FOUR SKIERS SEEK HOUSE through March, southern Vermont. Box K-564.

FAMILY (4) wishes house rental Mt. Lebanon school area, Pittsburgh. Space, trees, privacy. $140 top. Finlayson, Springfield, Vermont.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

Unfurnished

TERRACE APARTMENT, CASH. 25 minutes from center Paris (France). Low, low maintenance. Edison, 2 Horatio Street, NYC, CHelsea 3-7861.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

BACHELOR EXECUTIVE, 40, share Chicago Gold Coast balcony apartment with responsible same. Box J-956.

VACATIONS

QUIET FISHING VILLAGE on the Gulf of Mexico. $5 a day, single or double. Beverly Hotel, Box 162, Pass-A-Grille Beach, Florida.

WAYSIDE INN, ELLENVILLE, NEW YORK. Open all year. Two hours NYC. Delightful, informal. Situated amidst natural scenic beauty of the Catskill Mountains. American or European Plan. Phone ELlenville 888.

MEXICO CITY home. Monthly, weekly accommodations. Reservations necessary. Isabel Carbajal, Rio Amoy 17, Mexico 5, D.F.

VACATIONS

BLUEBERRY HILL! Winter! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, ATlantic City 4-8111.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

ALENCIA HOTEL—St. Augustine, Florida. Enjoy homelike atmosphere, old-world charm in the nation's oldest city.

READERS, DREAMERS, SLEEPERS: Come for holidays to the ski country, sleep late, and relax by the blazing fire. Write Garden Gables, Lenox, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE. 1960 Tours: 50—63 days in Europe. 15—18 countries, $1,245—$1,398. Oberammergau Passion Play included. Write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

STUDENTS, IT'S PLANNED FOR YOU—A summer abroad with PFE—Month's residence and study at Le Fleuron in Florence or 30 day stay in Paris with 40 hour course of study sponsored by Andre Maurois, Robert Schuman, and Marshal Juin PLUS 30 day student tour—choice of 3 itineraries including USSR. . . . Round trip air transportation—60 days in Europe—$1,375—$1,450. Write for 20 page illustrated brochure. Paris France Europe Association for Study and Travel, 10 East 49th Street, New York 17, New York.

EASTERN EUROPE ADVENTURE. Plan now to join an American group for summer tour featuring Yugoslavia, Dalmatian Coast Cruise, Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia, White Russia, Ukraine, Crimea, Black Sea, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Germany, Oberammergau Passion Play, East and West Berlin. See your Travel Agent for folders or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City.

EUROPE 1960: Register now for choice passage in inclusive circle tours visiting Oberammergau Passion Play, other special events. 40—58 days in Europe, 13—19 countries: $1,095—$1,378. Regular departures May, June, July, August; sea or air. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

IF YOU'RE ACCUSTOMED TO THE MOST FOR THE LEAST . . . try Beekman Tower Hotel for the most marvelous views in all Manhattan . . . the finest location: exclusive Beekman Hill adjacent to United Nations and East River in the heart of midtown . . . famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky), Turtle Bay Dining Room. Enjoy a most pleasant outlook on rates, too: special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $6.50. Family rates also available. If you're driving to New York, write to BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

STUDENTS—Don't rush through Europe. Savor the flavor with SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1960. Unusual experiences for young people. Coed. Brochure available. Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York, OLympia 7-6685.

EUROPE BOUND? Have fun on your trip, take an Italian ship! **T.V. Irpinia, T.V. Ascania,** Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

MUSIC IN EUROPE. Leave July 2nd with the 11th annual tour of Temple University, Philadelphia. Enjoy 34 superlative performances of opera, ballet, orchestral, vocal, instrumental, choral, church and folk music and drama at 14 festivals, the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Background lectures, backstage visits, meetings with prominent composers, conductors. Travel in ten countries, explore the great cities, relax in the Alps, on seashores, stop in fine hotels, sample the finest of regional cuisines. Cost New York back to New York $1,685 for 57 days in Europe, less for shorter sections. STUDY ABROAD, Inc., 250 West 57th, NYC, JUdson 6-3608.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1342

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Gouty affection of the hand.

B. Stupefies with amazement.

C. Precipitation.

D. Describing one aspect of the modern household in contrast to that of a generation ago.

E. Inhabitant of Shropshire, England.

F. Small-sized, much-illustrated, newspapers of today which have developed a distinctive style of content and treatment.

G. Thrashed.

H. Pillar with a statue of the great Egyptian god of the underworld on it.

I. Most spruce in appearance.

J. In a way bright, lustrous, transparent, brittle.

K. Early fountain pen manufacturer (1867-1946).

L. Inhabitant of this planet (not in Webster as yet, if ever, indeed).

M. Boatmen and trappers of the Canadian Northwest.

WORDS

9 151 22 77 169 49 197 114

79 198 161 119 189 8 117 93

15 148 34 95 97 123 21 70

64 37 50 96 11 145 1 126

190 157 39 185 89 47 18 125

182 191 19 38 2 98 142 66

30 94 51 73 86 48 111 26

201 52 17 60 32 193 171

192 29 113 122 153 53 62 87

99 149 127 172 104 137 83 40

158 68 103 196 33 55 147 112

88 10 101 143 131 92 65 121

24 56 194 177 165 6 120 78 74

DEFINITIONS

N. A particle in grammar dependent on a word of which it may become a part.

O. Northern region of cold and darkness in Norse mythology.

P. Followed by Karlsefni, Icelandic explorer of 11th cent. along New England coast.

K. Any things short-lived or merely temporary.

R. A decoction of slippery elm bark (2 wds.).

S. Undistinguished; not specified, anonymous.

T. Concerned with enchantment.

U. Befalling.

V. Sheer, fine materials.

W. Those not having inside contacts, information, etc. in a certain connection.

X. One who shapes wood by paring and cutting.

Y. Pointed instrument belonging in the sewing kit, for making holes.

WORDS

42 164 58 129 166 75 116 150

28 44 13 128 144 20 174 118

155 187 14 7 57 84 81 138

23 168 59 140 156 160 115 90

195 91 179 184 135 130 109 41

16 199 85 71 170 141 136 159

67 80 4 82 106 132 175 200

61 167 35 69 108 107 45 186

139 163 43 12 183 72 76 181

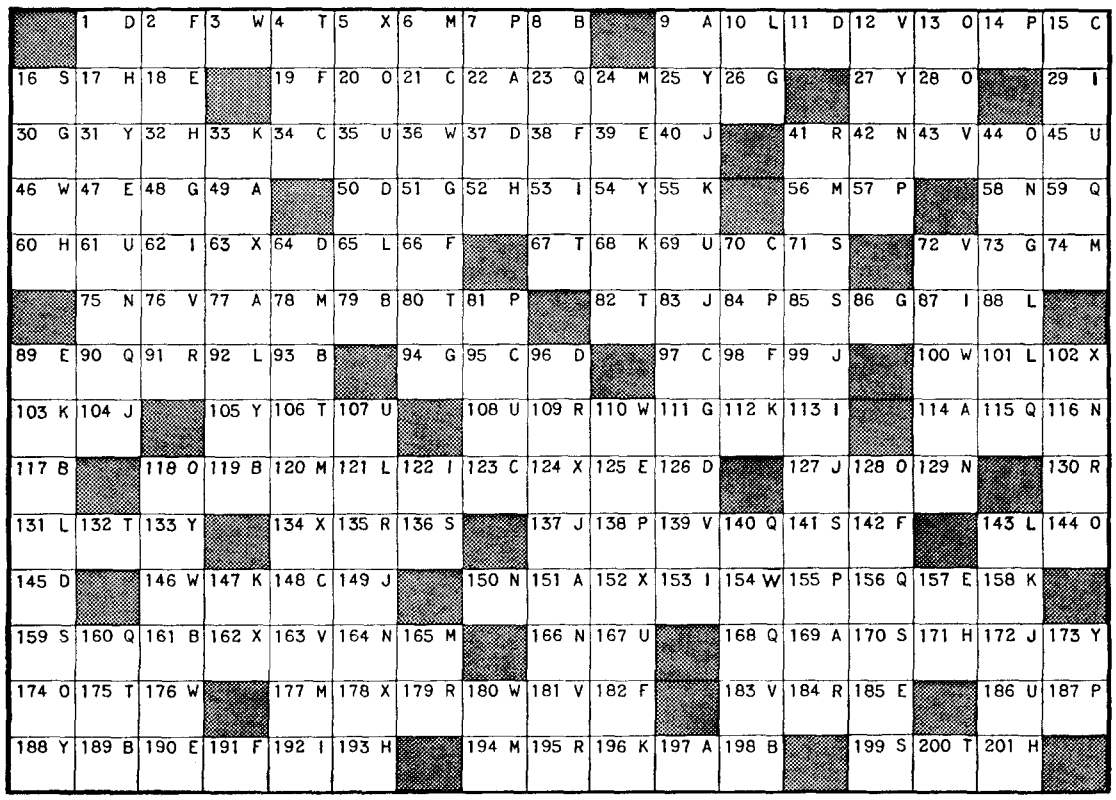
180 3 100 110 36 46 176 146 154

134 5 124 162 63 178 102 152

133 105 27 54 25 31 173 188

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XLV • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: The Boy Who Learned to Grow Salt

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE SR DRUG REPORTS AND THE UNITED STATES SENATE

THE United States Senate is taking a lively interest in the various SR reports on drugs. Staff investigators for the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly have advised the Science Editor that questions of public policy implicit in SR's disclosures of drug abuses will be vigorously explored in a series of hearings now scheduled for Washington, D. C., from December 7 at least through June of 1960.

Originally, this Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic racket-buster from Tennessee, had focused its studies on prices. Recently, it was decided that "certain aspects of the drug manufacturing industry . . . which lie beyond the technical scope of administered prices but are clearly within the Subcommittee's anti-monopoly jurisdiction, will also be explored."

Plainly within this area of inquiry are reputedly interlocking financial ties of drug houses, advertising agencies with drug accounts, journals dependent on drug ads, and laboratories which test drugs. These have been one of the objects of SR's curiosity. Senator Kefauver promises to go beyond them and also look into "possible inter-relationships existing between drug manufacturers and a small number of large and influential financial houses."

• • •

ONE REFORM advocated in the SR drug studies has already been accomplished. This is the separation of Dr. Henry Welch, director of the Antibiotics Division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, from his outside jobs as editor of two antibiotics journals: *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*.

SR's observation of the conflict of interest between Dr. Welch's official and unofficial posts had brought a demand from Congressman Emanuel Celler, of New York, for resolution of the conflict. And on last October 12 Mr. Celler was notified by Food and Drug Commissioner George P. Larrick that Dr. Welch would:

Resign his editorial position with *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy*.

Also resign his editorial position with *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*.

Also resign his editorial position with *MD (Medical News) Magazine*.

Commissioner Larrick further assured the Congressman that:

"Medical Encyclopedia, Inc., the publishing house in which Dr. Welch has a financial interest, will discontinue publishing *Antibiotics Annual*. It will also discontinue publishing for profit any other material containing, in significant measure, information made available to the general public by the government, such as 'Assay Methods of Antibiotics.'"

Commissioner Larrick emphasized, as had SR, "that Dr. Welch's outside activities were undertaken after they were discussed with his superiors and had prior approval."

• • •

STARSTUFF—also known as plasma, ionized gas, the fourth state of matter (to distinguish it from the solids, liquids and gases familiar to Earth dwellers)—has been used up to now in whiffs and snorts to push and brake rockets, and to test the possibilities of fusing hydrogen nuclei for peaceful power. The results have been widely disseminated and analyzed in Britain, Russia, the United States and other lands. Now there has been reported for the first time a revolutionary new application of plasma, in which a continuous stream of the stuff is substituted for the rotating solid coil of wire in the armature of a conventional generator of electricity.

Present-day turbines, whether turned by gas or water, accomplish their purpose by spinning their wire-laden armatures across the fields of strong magnets. Electric current is induced in the wire through interaction with the magnetic force, and the resulting power flows through the wire to transmission lines connected to the turbines.

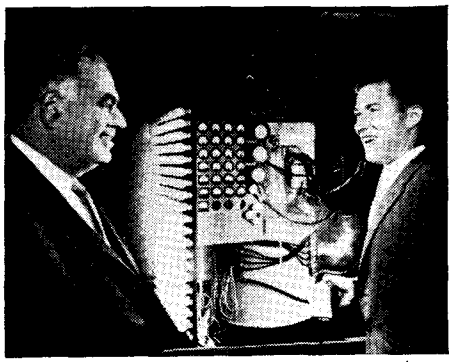
The atoms in ordinary gases are electrically neutral. Positive charges of protons in the nuclei are cancelled by negative charges of electrons in the atoms' shells. The gases, therefore, do not conduct electricity and consequently could not effectively replace the wire in the armature of a generator.

The atoms in plasma, however, exist in an excited state due to intense heat. Electrons in the shells break free, carrying their negative charges with them and leaving the remainders of the atoms with a net positive charge. In this ionized state the gas can and does conduct whatever electric current may enter it.

Thus, instead of an armature housed in a huge spherical skeleton of metal, the electrical generator of tomorrow may have at its core a short, narrow, tubular tunnel filled with rushing plasma, encased in magnetic coils running at right angles to the plasma flow.

A small experimental model of just such a power source is operating successfully in the Avco-Everett Research Laboratory of the Avco Corporation in Everett, Massachusetts. Designed and built by a crew of scientists and engineers headed by Dr. Richard J. Rosa, this device (called a magnetohydrodynamic power generator) already has proved its capability of generating more than 10,000 watts of power. In photographs released in mid-November by Avco, Dr. Rosa is seen in the act of pushing a button beside a cylinder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Avco

Model MHD generator, inventor Rosa (right) and MHD expert Arthur Kantrowitz.

studded with gauges and asprout with wires, leading to a blazing battery of 228 fifty-watt light bulbs. The gas enters the cylinder from above through a duct, is heated and ionized immediately as it passes an electric arc flame, and then falls through a magnetic field which induces a current in the gas. The power is tapped off the plasma directly through electrodes.

The purpose of Avco's revelation was to announce a one-year collaboration between itself and the American Power Service Corporation (as agent for ten public utilities whose territories extend from Virginia to Missouri) to "indicate the expected performance and practicability of MHD power generation."

• • •

IF A monkey could talk like a parrot, would it be a man?

That favorite conundrum of the 18th Century French natural scientist, George Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, was asked again, during Thanksgiving week, by an Englishman, Dr. Macdonald Critchley, to tantalize a half hundred fellow scholars and 2,000 listeners gathered on the campus of the University of Chicago from near and far places to celebrate the centenary of publication of Charles Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species."

The answer is still the biggest hole in the theory of evolution.

As Dr. Critchley pointed out in one of forty-four papers written to stimulate a week of anniversary argument, no "missing link" between animal and human communication has yet been identified.

"No race of mankind, however lowly, is known which does not possess the power of speech," he noted. "Nay, more—the linguistic attainment may be subtle, complex, flexible and eloquent, even though the cultural level be primitive in the extreme. It is indeed difficult to identify among the races of man anything which can be justly termed a 'primitive' tongue. . . .

"By contrast . . ., animals at the best may possess a limited store of vocal sounds. These are innate, instinctive, 'natural.' Under appropriate circumstances, internal or external, they are emitted. They may happen to possess communicative action in respect to other animals, mainly of the same species. It is doubtful, however, whether these cries are always communicative in intent. . . ." Furthermore, "in ordinary circumstances, the adolescent animal does not increase its vocabulary" with age and experience.

There is "a very considerable gulf" between the fullest expression achieved by "the sagest of the primates . . . in the domain of sound" and the articulate speech of human beings, Dr. Critchley emphasized. And, he insisted, "no where and at no time has there been any hint of an approximation between the two extremes."

It was Darwin's belief, omitted from "The Origin" in 1858 but expressed in some detail in "The Descent of Man" in 1871, that man's ability to speak in itself did not offer an insuperable contradiction to the idea that man had evolved from lower forms of life. True, speech could not have come about until after a progenitor of man had developed mental powers superior to those of any existing ape. The gradual use of these powers would have enabled and encouraged pursuit of long trains of thought, which would have necessitated symbols in the form of words, either silent or spoken.

Within the limits of present-day understanding of the brain, microscopic examination of the cerebral cortex cannot distinguish man from gorilla. If there is such a place as a human cerebral speech center, it remains undiscovered. Yet there obviously must be a *mental* rather than a *physical* explanation for the parrot's lack of a language of its own when the bird can pronounce every letter in the alphabet!

"At which point in the evolution of primitive man did speech, in the strictest sense of the word, first make its appearance?" was the main question Dr. Critchley explored. "When did the ululations of the anthropoids give way to the use of verbal symbols, disciplined by phonetic and syntactical rules?"

"Meager, indirect and oblique" evidence was all he could find, but that was more than enough for provocative speculation.

To begin with, the physical organs of speech had to be evolved in advance, to be ready for use when the time came. The steps in this process are missing from the fossil record. Human jaws, even in the earliest species, differ from the jaws of apes in providing ampler space for tongue movement, thus facilitating articulation of words. The ape jaw also has a bony ledge which restricts the range of lingual movement, whereas man's tongue muscles move freely on a series of small tubercles, or organic ball-bearings. Nevertheless, "most authorities would agree [that] . . . even in the anthropoid there is no valid morphological reason, at a peripheral level, why speech should not occur. . . . The relative coarseness of the tissues would no doubt impart a certain unmusical quality to the articulation, but the phonemic range would probably be not inconsiderable."

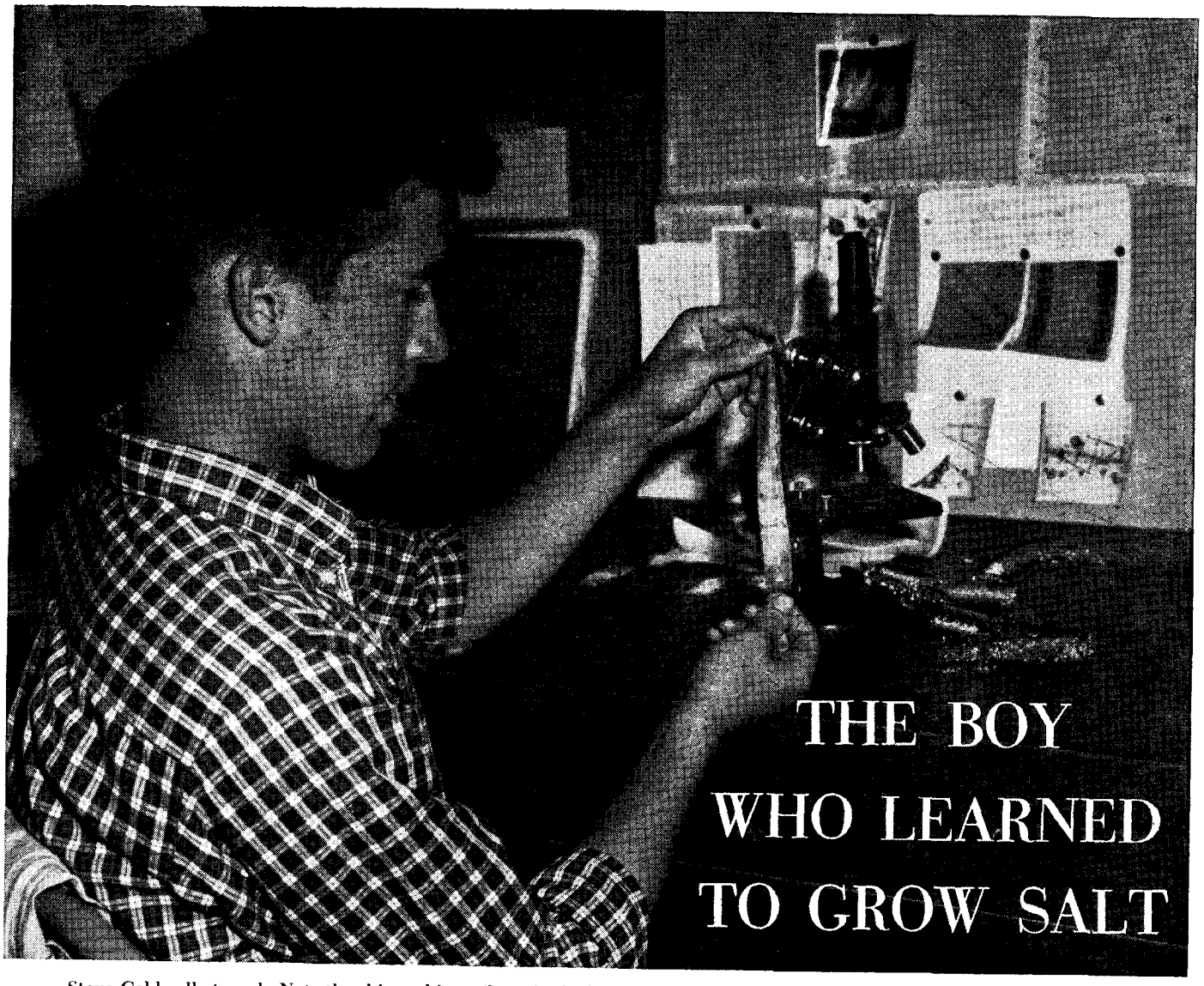
Was there an evolutionary jump of some kind that suddenly lifted man above his immediate ancestors' ability to communicate signs of immediate awareness, some mysterious change through which there emerged the ability to use symbols—signs of signs—not only in reference to the present time but to past and future time, and in reference to objects *in absentia* as well? Was speech merely one of the tools that the earliest men made to extend their prowess as they grouped together in progressively elaborate social life?

Dr. Critchley tended to ally himself with those who doubt Darwin's thesis that the transition from animal communication to human speech was gradual. A marked mutation would seem to have occurred. "Too often completely overlooked," he observed, is the possibility that the very earliest men were not all able to speak. "When man first appeared on the earth, perhaps only some of the newly evolved *Homo sapiens* were endowed with speech. Speech in those remote times might have constituted an exceptional phenomenon or aptitude, one which was within the competency of only a few highly favored individuals. In the case of hand skills, too, maybe only comparatively few [had] . . . this . . . no doubt highly accorded expertise . . . Such especially gifted members of the community probably also had an expectation of life above the average" and consequently were fittest to survive the environment.

How long ago did these conversing specialists first appear? Certainly some of them were among the French cave painters of 10,000-25,000 B.C. Perhaps there were a few among the Neanderthals of 50,000 B.C. Possibly the Java and Pekin men of 100,000-500,000 B.C. might have included experimenters with the new talk-tool, and if the fireside story began with the fireside, monosyllabic yarn-spinning may date back anywhere from 1,000,000 to 15,000,000 B.C. Anything before that is in the realm of tall tales.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE BOY WHO LEARNED TO GROW SALT

Steve Caldwell at work. Note the shiny white spikes of salt that are growing on the hot dog skins on the table at the right.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Most people think things happen in fairy tales that couldn't possibly happen anywhere else. Unbelievable events are supposed to occur because somebody makes a wish and believes the wish will come true. It is sometimes neglected that the somebody has to wish more than once—usually at least three times—and then must always be ready to take immediate advantage of whatever happens, even if the happening doesn't at first glance appear to be what the wish called for. Very often, the wishes come true with the help of a fleeting unseen something which the wisher cannot understand at all but accepts as a good and friendly spirit.*

Science might not be so incomprehensible to so many if the resemblance between research and fairy tales were more widely appreciated. Things that look impossible happen every day in some laboratory or other. Wishes come true for scientists who wish hard enough and often enough and are ready to accept what they see even when it isn't quite what they expected. Behind these unlikely events, natural forces are at work in ways seldom apparent.

Listen, for instance, to the story of how Steve Caldwell came to do something that only a marsh or a swamp had been able to do before. The marsh or the swamp had done this thing only in the freezing cold of winter; Steve learned how to do it in the summertime. Too, the marsh or the swamp had only grown ice from water in the ground; Steve grew salt from water in a hot dog skin. Or, rather, the salt was grown for him by a friendly spirit of physics. He just watched it grow and remembered what he had to do to make it grow again.

By VINCENT J. SCHAEFER

ON THE basketball court or the baseball diamond, Steve Caldwell was a personification of speed and grace. In the classroom or the laboratory, he slowed down. Likeable anywhere, plainly competent even at first sight, he inclined to take things easy when it came to thinking.

I put this in the past tense because it was the impression I had of Steve when I met him for the first time last June. He was one of thirty American high school juniors to whom I had agreed to help teach fundamentals of science in a summer course at the Loomis School at Windsor, Connecticut. I saw nothing special then to distinguish Steve from any of the other fifteen-to-seventeen-year-olds who had come as far as 3,000 miles to join the adventure in learning.

But before the seven-week course was done, I could see that Steve had stopped dragging his mind. A letter I got from him recently confirms that something important happened.

"Looking back makes me realize how much better I could and should have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done," he wrote. "But then—that was one of the purposes of the course: to make us realize our shortcomings besides our strong points. My mind is made up to strive twice as hard in my future undertakings. This is the philosophy behind this school year, and it certainly will be the philosophy behind my college life. I have finally found that beyond a shadow of a doubt work is fun and there are few things more exciting than learning."

WHAT cast the spell on Steve?

Let me make clear at the very beginning that this whole thing was no more my idea than it was Steve's. I just happened to be available when certain members of the American Meteorological Society, prompted by a request from the committee on meteorology of the National Academy of Sciences, decided to make use of a National Science Foundation grant to start building up the scientific manpower potential in the atmospheric sciences.

Steve and the twenty-nine other eventual students were picked from 205 applicants scattered around the country. Members of fifty local branches of the AMS helped the AMS officers, council members and school committee in the selection process. No special consideration was given to boys who had shown a previous interest in meteorology. What we looked for were curiosity, enthusiasm, and individualism.

Preliminary screening was done through written tests prepared by the Loomis School Dean, George B. Savage. The boys who survived were lectured on physics by Professor F. W. Constant, of Trinity College, and then put through a physics lab course arranged by Loomis Professor N. Rogers and supervised by four instructors: Allan Murphy, a University of Michigan graduate; Jay Rosenthal, a New York University graduate; and two undergraduate physics majors from Union College, James Carroll and Ted Zaleskiewicz. My own assignment was to try to make basic research exciting and thus to show the boys how many unsolved problems there are—hence how many promising careers—to challenge anyone who undertakes atmospheric study.

The problems were easy to find. They were in my personal lab notebooks: unfinished offshoots of my own explorations of the last twenty years (including many ideas that arose from collaborations with the late great Dr. Irving Langmuir) in surface chemistry (what coats a raindrop?), in crystallography (how do hailstones grow?), and in the physics, chemistry and electricity (does falling rain cause lightning, or does the lightning provoke rain?) of the atmosphere.

Altogether, I collected the germs for sixty-eight experiments and offered each boy his choice. Steve Caldwell decided to examine "the effect of organic vapors on ice crystal structures." He was too young to appreciate it fully, but he thereby entered a poorly understood field of crystallography.

Ice crystals are a significant clue to any real understanding of atmospheric mechanics because they are the most dependable nuclei for formation of raindrops. Organic vapors enter the air continually from human and animal lungs and from the machines and factories man has built. They contribute to pollution of the atmosphere. What the vapors do and how they do it, chemically and physically, has been, like many other areas of meteorological knowledge, too long neglected. However, the little that is known of their superficial effect is fascinating. Butyl alcohol, for instance, causes ice crystals to form in hexagonal columns instead of the more usual hexagonal plates. Acetone stops the hexagons short of completion, leaving strange shapes with protruding ears. Nitrous oxide doesn't form hexagons at all, but triangles. What effect the differing shapes have is unknown.

Steve Caldwell's first step in his chosen experiment was to make crystals to which he could add vapors. The usual tool for this is a cold chamber, a simple refrigerated box. By breathing into the box, Steve could create a cloud of crystals. But there would be vapors on his breath and these would distort his experimental results before he got started.

Steve could, instead, moisten the air in the cold chamber by waving a damp cloth gently through it a few times. An even better method was one I had discovered shortly before. This consisted of filling a sausage casing (of synthetic plastic) with water and suspending the casing inside the box. Passing through the submicroscopic holes in the casing, the water would be taken up by the air in a uniform manner over a considerable period of time.

I had obtained large sausage casings from a local meat packing concern. But Steve selected some smaller frankfurter skins. Soon after suspending the first of these in the cold chamber, he noticed that the water was freezing inside the skins and thus was becoming useless for the experiment.

Having previously learned in school that the addition of salt to a solution will lower the freezing point of the solution, Steve added salt to the water in the frankfurter skins. To his consternation, he found that the water now would not pass through the skin!

What to do? Steve reasoned that it might be well for him to make up a series of water-salt concentrations in the hope of arriving at a solution which would emit water while at the same time slowing down the rate at which the water was freezing.

—*Vincent J. Schaefer.*

Enlarged picture of salt that Steve grew.

After making up these solutions, pouring them into a series of frankfurter skins, and weighing each skin, Steve hung the skins on a rack outside the cold chamber with the intention of weighing them from time to time to determine how much water came through each skin.

On the next day, he came to me with an excited grin on his face. Had I the time to look at some peculiar growths he had found on the outside of the frankfurter skins?

One look and I, too, became excited. The skins were covered with what seemed to the naked eye to be shiny white hairs!

Under the microscope, these whiskers looked even more remarkable. Some of them were more than a half inch long. Though they appeared in bundles, they could be teased apart into myriads of parallel-sided, hair-like, solid crystalline spikes.

STEVE had discovered a method of growing long fibers or whiskers of sodium chloride!

Here was a beautiful case of serendipity. In hunting one thing, Steve had stumbled across another, probably much more important, thing. I urged him to forget his original project and to concentrate instead on an exploration of this new phenomenon. I suggested he try repeating the experiment with other inorganic salts. This he did and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soon discovered that the salt would grow from the frankfurter skins whenever the water inside the skins was saturated with the salt.

Steve's prize performance with his new technique gave beautiful fibers of sodium bromide, three quarters of an inch long. Examination of these between crossed polaroids revealed each fiber to have unvarying thickness over long distances and to appear in other respects as single uniform crystals.

SO FAR as I know, man has never been able to grow salt like this before. The crystals discovered by Steve Caldwell are, however, in many respects similar to columnar frost, which forms in swampy areas where clay soils predominate. These columnar crystals grow in great sheets and, as they form, lift leaves, logs and rocks above the surface of the ground.

Unlike all other types of frost, columnar frost wears its oldest crystals as a cap; the region of active growth resides in the liquid interface at the clay soil surface. Water emerging from the microscopic pores of the clay freezes to initiate the growth. Heat is continually escaping from this interfacial area, and the resultant column of ice appears as though extruded from the clay.

From time to time over the past decade, I had tried to form such ice crystals under controlled conditions but enjoyed little success. A few months before opening the course at Loomis, I had used sausage casings in an attempt to form ice needles. This had not worked, though the study did teach me the value of water-filled membranes as a uniform, continuous moisture source for cold chamber experiments. And this happenstance knowledge then was ready for Steve's use in finding that salt crystals grow in a way that seems to be closely related to the growth of columnar frost, with a porous membrane substituting for the marshland clay.

Are the structures of these growths of Steve's perfect crystals? Do they, like their possible counterparts, the metal whiskers [whose growth on surfaces of iron, tin and zinc have been previously reported in SR Research] possess qualities of unaccustomed purity and strength which will prompt laboratories around the world to feverishly search [as metallurgical labs are searching now] for methods of growing them larger so as to exploit their amazing properties? Are the crystals of both theoretical and practical interest?

Perhaps so, but of even greater importance, in my opinion, is the way this discovery has changed Steve's attitude towards school and toward his future life.

And Steve has not been alone in his reaction. Even boys who began the Loomis course with a serious attitude were changed by the summer's exposure to the excitement of scientific thinking. A buddy of Steve's comes especially to my mind. Henry (Hank) Lanford, who attends the same Columbia High School that Steve attends in East Greenbush, N. Y., approached the course with a calm, deliberate maturity and consequently stood at the top of the class in nearly every respect. In a recent letter to me, Hank wrote:

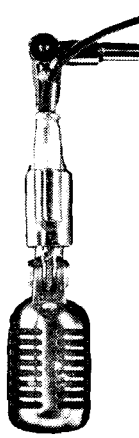
"I can't be certain but I think I've already felt some rather striking results of this summer's program. I have evidence, which to me is fairly definite, that my mind has actually been sharpened. My testing device has been the mathematical puzzles Dr. Constant gave out for the first week or so. When I looked at them [at Loomis], I was completely floored and solved not a single one. I have never been able to do them. The other night, however, I sat down with some of them and with very little effort solved the first four. I can feel that my ability to approach and solve them has definitely and strikingly improved. Precisely how this sharpening came about, I can't be sure, but I am about certain that it was the program in one way or another."

Hank was not visited by serendipity, but his experiment contributed to atmospheric science nonetheless. Using only plywood, glass and liquid solder, he duplicated a piece of apparatus that had been originally designed by Dr. Duncan Blanchard, of Wood's Hole, to observe the electrification of water droplets ejected in the breakup of microscopic bubbles such as occur on the tops of sea waves. Next, Hank repeated Blanchard's experiments with the device, confirming the charged nature of specially grown frost crystals. He finished by discovering some extremely interesting needle-like ice crystals which become highly charged as they grow on very cold surfaces.

MORE than eighty per cent of the thirty research projects pursued during the summer course produced new scientific information and at least one-third of them resulted in discovery of new natural phenomena or techniques.

George Mulligan of Bellville, Mich. developed a method for making plastic replicas of the stoma (mouth-like openings) of the leaves of green plants and showed that this can be done without injury to the plant tissue. Such replication is useful in investigation of the effect of air pollution on plants.

Page Painter of Davis, Calif., developed a method of simulating structures of hailstones. Subsequently, when collections of large hailstones (up to



hear here

LIKE JAZZ . . . Some of the amateur jazz groups we know are having a ball exchanging tapes of jam sessions with other combos. Sometimes they make it competitive, one sending a tape to another with a challenge to do better. ("Cut them out" is the term.) New "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series tapes assure sensitive recording, big tonal range and economy, perfect for jazz.

LIKE FLICKS . . . Your tape recorder and a bit of imagination will add up to semi-synchronized sound tracks for your home movies. Background sounds, narration—and you can turn the volume up if someone starts talking during a screening.

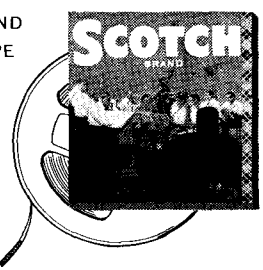
MAGNETIC CHRISTMAS

If you have a tape recorder, be sure it's handy to double your Christmas pleasure. If you know a tape recorder fan, be sure to buy him "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Tapes . . . They'll cost you less . . . please him more.

NO GOOF . . . Nothing worse than erasing your favorite tape by mistake. Play safe and make it easier to find the tape you want by splicing a section of "SCOTCH" BRAND Leader and Timing Tape, No. 43P, to each end of the reel. Identify with title or number and mark tape boxes accordingly. You can write on Leader and Timing Tape with pen or pencil.

SELF-MADE . . . Many young salesmen are putting spare time to good use taping their pitches. A playback lets them *know* how they sound to prospects. Next thing you know we'll have electronic Horatio Algers.

"SCOTCH" BRAND MAGNETIC TAPE



MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
...WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW
3M COMPANY

"SCOTCH" is a registered trademark of 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two inches in diameter) were obtained from Colorado and Nebraska, he made a series of cross-sections, polished and etched the surfaces and prepared permanent records of the crystalline structure of the stones by a technique I had invented earlier. Painter's refinement of the technique is a big improvement over the method currently in use in Italy and Switzerland where hailstorm studies are now in progress.

Thomas Defler, of Golden, Colo., made field measurements of the air in the Connecticut Valley three times each day throughout the seven weeks of study. This amounted to a census of condensation nuclei and particles by size. He then matched that data against prevailing weather conditions in the Valley and established a high correlation with the passage of storm fronts. Despite fairly high concentrations of polluted air, the very highest particle count during the summer season (200,000 particles per cubic centimeter) occurred when the air seemed to be quite free of smoke and haze and when visibility was unlimited. This surprising result could only have been caused by the presence in the air of large numbers of particles too small to scatter light in the visible spectrum.

The catalog of accomplishment could be extended, but the foregoing will serve to illustrate the feasibility of taking young students possessed of adequate amounts of intelligence, enthusiasm, interest, curiosity and most important—"the will to do"—and within a very short time stimulating them to "stretch their minds."

THE summer's experience made me sure of one important fact. There is no dearth of potential scientists in America. The raw material is available in the schools of the nation. Obviously, some of them must be stimulated to reach beyond themselves. Somehow, we must learn how to single out the potential leaders of the future and to encourage them in every way possible "to run harder."

The Loomis experience suggests that the formally determined I.Q. is not the measure of research ability and aptitude. Our best students had a medium grade compared to the ratings of the complete group. The highest ability and research aptitude was demonstrated by students having an I.Q. of about 130. Academic excellence was not always highly correlated with apparent research ability. While all the students were in the top levels of their respective schools, a number of those who showed very good research potential were weak in one or more of the subjects in which they might be expected to score high. If at this early stage students were selected on academic grades alone, a number of very promising individuals (the slow starters?) might be lost to science or to other intellectual pursuits.

I believe it is a mistake to segregate the so-called superior student. After all—he will have to live his life in a community made up of all types of individuals. There is no better place than school to learn and to practice tolerance, sportsmanship, friendliness, helpfulness, duty, and the myriad of other cultural and intellectual characteristics which make up the truly mature individual.

Good students, given intellectual challenges suitable to occupy their minds, will be able to accept the slower progress of their less agile schoolmates. If such efforts are as successful as they need to be, the challenges must be repeated. One opportunity should follow another if we are to forestall or at least to reduce the frus-

---

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLV

THE MAN WHO TAUGHT THE BOY

Vincent J. Schaefer

—*Photo-Art, Schenectady.*

IF the story that ends in the columns adjoining this one were a fairy tale, it would rightly begin:

"Once upon a time there was a boy named Steve. His father sold instruments that told people what the weather would be like tomorrow. Steve wanted to learn all he could about the weather so he could help his father live happily ever after. One day Steve came upon a man whose hair grew in spikes. 'You can call me Vince,' this wise man said. Vince loved the outdoors and had been rewarded for that by learning how to make clouds drop rain."

But the story is not a fairy tale. It is a true account of a real scientific experiment. Hence it must be said that Steve Caldwell was an ordinary ball-playing boy who thought about the weather only when it spoiled the game. Steve didn't work his brain over-hard on any account until he met Vincent J. Schaefer, the man who first seeded clouds to cause showers.

One of the exceedingly few natural geniuses of present-day atmospheric study, Vince showed Steve why thinking is fun.

How did Vince Schaefer know that thinking is fun?

He learned it the hard way at Langmuir University.

Langmuir University was one of the most exclusive educational institutions that ever existed anywhere. Few people were smart enough to gain admittance to it, and none of them ever forgot the experience. There was no such thing as a curriculum. Classes were never held on time. A diploma was the last thing anyone thought of. Dr. Irving Langmuir, the Nobel laureate, would just come into his office in the General Electric research laboratory outside Schenectady and start talking. Sometimes he wrote on a blackboard, sometimes he doodled on a piece of paper. Sometimes he used strong language that is not mentioned in ordinary textbooks. Always his eyes shone from deep inside, as though a bright light were burning in the middle of his head.

One enormous advantage that Langmuir University had over other schools was that the students could earn as they learned. Had this not been the case, Langmuir would never have had among its very select student body the one young man who got into the institution without an academic degree. For Vince Schaefer had not been able to continue his formal studies beyond high school.

Even in those days, though, Vince had ideas. Probably the best idea that struck him for many years was the notion of getting a job in the GE machine shop. In 1922, at the age of sixteen, he began to run a drill press. Within several months, he signed up as an apprentice and stayed with the course for four years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Vince had always been in love with the outdoors. Had he been able to go to college, he would have been a forester. And that long stretch in the machine shop served to accent the pull of the open air and the sky. He quit toolmaking for landscape gardening. He became a tree surgeon. He might have operated on trees for the rest of his life if the Great Depression of 1929 had not driven him back indoors.

It was at this point that Vince first became interested in the possibilities of Langmuir University. Langmuir wanted him as a student, but GE refused because of Vince's lack of a graduate degree. Vince got part way around that blockade by making models for the great scientist-teacher. The apparatus required for the experiments then proceeding did not exist for the simple reason that there had been no such experiments before. Vince designed tools to fit needs as they rose. After two years of this, Dr. Langmuir finally persuaded the GE management to assign Vince as Langmuir's research assistant even without a degree.

In 1938, the research assistant moved up to research associate in the GE research laboratory and began to collaborate with his mentor in studies of surface chemistry of proteins, surface reactions of toxins and antitoxins, and evaporation of water through single layers of molecules. Three years later, he developed replica techniques for electron microscopes and discovered a method of preserving snow crystals. This latter invention made the aluminum television screen possible.

By 1943, Vince Schaefer was exploring the electrical relationships between snow and ice on airplanes and radio static. And in 1946 he made the now famous experiment in which he dropped dry ice into a cloud and caused rain.

Since then, the name of Vincent Joseph Schaefer has become known to everyone with any serious interest in the workings of Earth's atmosphere. In 1952, as a consultant from GE to the Munitalp Foundation, he planned and initiated one of the first modern programs in basic research in meteorology with emphasis on atmospheric physics and chemistry. In 1953, after GE's research vice president, Guy Suits, publicly proclaimed the obituary of the classic research innovator of the past, who worked with paper clips, rubber bands and sealing wax, Vince submitted his resignation. His departure preceded by half a decade the dissolution of Langmuir University, which followed its one-man faculty into the grave.

TEN years ago, more or less, Vince and another Langmuir protege, Dr. Bernard Vonnegut (now with Arthur D. Little, Inc., at Cambridge, Mass.) proposed a national institute for meteorological studies. Their design was modest, inexpensive, directed toward the focusing of top research minds on basic unknowns. The unpretentiousness of their plan killed it. The National Academy of Sciences subsequently has advocated a multi-million-dollar research scheme involving fleets of airplanes, balloons, Earth satellites and other fabulously costly trappings.

"I have to keep going," Vince told me a few days ago as we sat and talked together before an enormous open fire in the basement laboratory of his home on Schermerhorn Road, skirting Schenectady. "I've got three youngsters to see through school."

The youngsters obviously aren't the real reason why Vince Schaefer has to keep going. Nor is Mrs. Schaefer, devoted though he is to her. Vince keeps going because he's built that way. You can see it in the greenhouse in his side yard; he does atmospheric experiments there. You can see it in the basement of his home; there's a microscope in a closet, a photo lab in one corner, a water-filled surface chemistry experiment tub in another, a cold chamber here, racks of tools over there, and in front of the fireplace what looks like a music stand to hold manuscripts. You can see it in his study in the garret. You can see it in the weather instruments on his roof. You can see it in his face as he looks at the sky and speaks of the clouds as though they belong to the family.

—WILL JONATHAN.

---

trations which beset all young people as they attempt to exploit their ideas.

A great advantage of vigorous challenge is the crystallization of real inclinations. The Loomis course did as much for one boy who decided to study law as it did for others who found potential careers in science.

Before we can challenge the young, we older people of America need to change many currently popular attitudes. We must accept the idea that money does not purchase new ideas. Expensive equipment and campus-like surroundings for research laboratories are no guarantee of effective spending of research dollars. The idea that the string-paperclip-sealing-wax scientist is gone forever and that he has been replaced by the "team" is a dangerously misleading philosophy. New ideas come from brains—generally in the singular.

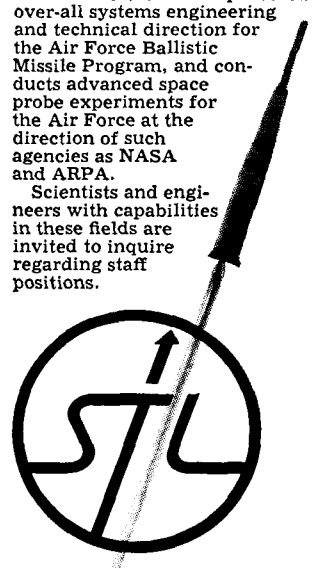
Our finest heritage is still freedom of opportunity for the individual.

a new symbol for a new era of technology

Space Technology Laboratories' new corporate symbol represents a bright history in a stimulating age.

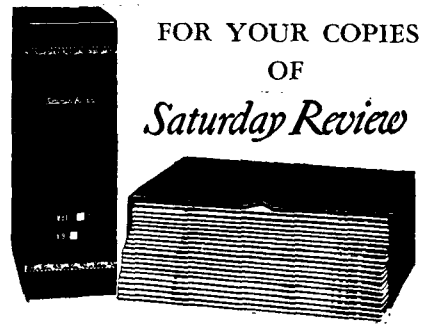
Since 1954, STL has provided the over-all systems engineering and technical direction for the Air Force Ballistic Missile Program, and conducts advanced space probe experiments for the Air Force at the direction of such agencies as NASA and ARPA.

Scientists and engineers with capabilities in these fields are invited to inquire regarding staff positions.



Space Technology Laboratories, Inc.
P.O. Box 95004
Los Angeles 45, California

HANDY FILE



FOR YOUR COPIES OF *Saturday Review*

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for S.R.
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied

ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR · BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE IS A WAY OF SEEING

Everything Depends on How Who Looks at What

LET US consider Johannes Kepler: imagine him on a hill watching the dawn. With him is Tycho Brahe. Kepler regarded the sun as fixed: it was the earth that moved. But Tycho followed Ptolemy and Aristotle in this much at least: the earth was fixed and all other celestial bodies moved around it. *Do Kepler and Tycho see the same thing in the east at dawn?*

We might think this an experimental or observational question, but it is rather the beginning of an examination of the concepts of seeing and observation.

Seeing is an experience. A retinal reaction is only a physical state—a photochemical excitation. Physiologists have not always appreciated the differences between experiences and physical states. People, not their eyes, see. That Kepler and Tycho do, or do not, see the same thing cannot be supported by reference to the physical states of their retinas, optic nerves or visual cortices. Something about their visual experiences at dawn is the same for both: a brilliant yellow-white disc centred between green and blue colour patches. Sketches of what they both see could be identical—congruent. In this sense Tycho and Kepler see the same thing at dawn. [But to] say that Kepler and Tycho see the same thing at dawn just because their eyes are similarly affected is an elementary mistake. Disparities in their accounts arise in *ex post facto* interpretations of what is seen, not in the fundamental visual data.

Do we all see the same thing? A trained physicist could see one thing in an X-ray tube. Would Sir Lawrence Bragg and an Eskimo baby see the same thing when looking at an X-ray tube? Yes, and no. Yes—they are visually aware of the same object. No—the *ways* in which they are visually aware are profoundly different. At school the physicist had gazed at this glass-and-metal instrument. Returning now, after years in university and research, his eye lights upon the same object once again. Does he see the same thing now as he did then? Now he sees the instrument in terms of electrical circuit theory, thermodynamic theory, the theories of metal and glass structure, thermionic emission, optical transmission, refraction, diffraction, atomic theory, quantum theory and special relativity.

Is the physicist doing more than just seeing? No; he does nothing over and above what the layman does when he sees an X-ray tube. What are you doing over and above reading these words? Are you interpreting marks on a page? When would this ever be a natural way of speaking? Would an infant see what you see here, when you see words and sentences and he sees but marks and lines?

The visitor must learn some physics before he can see what the physicist sees. This obtains in all seeing. Attention is rarely directed to the space between the leaves of a tree, save when a Keats brings it to our notice. (Consider also what was involved in Crusoe's seeing a vacant space in the sand as a footprint.) The infant and the layman can see: they are not blind. But they cannot see what the physicist sees; they are blind to what he sees. The elements of the visitor's visual field, though identical wtih those of the physicist, are not organized for him as for the physicist; the same lines, colours, shapes are apprehended by both, but not in the same way.

IF SEEING different things involves having different knowledge and theories about *x*, then perhaps the sense in which they see the same thing involves their sharing knowledge and theories about *x*. Bragg and the baby share no knowledge of X-ray tubes. Kepler and Tycho agree on more: they see the same thing in a stronger sense. Their visual fields are organized in much the same way. Neither sees the sun about to break out in a grin, or about to crack into ice cubes. (The baby is not 'set' even against these eventualities.) Most people today see the same thing at dawn in an even stronger sense: We share much knowledge of the sun. Hence Tycho and Kepler see different things, and yet they see the same thing. That these things can be said depends on their knowledge, experience, and theories.

It is the sense in which Tycho and Kepler do not observe the same thing which must be grasped if one is to understand disagreements within microphysics. Fundamental physics is primarily a search for intelligibility—it is philosophy of matter. Only secondarily is it a search for objects and facts (though the two endeavours are as hand and glove). Microphysicists seek new modes of conceptual organization. If that can be done the finding of new entities will follow. Gold is rarely discovered by one who has not got the lay of the land.

TO SAY that Tycho and Kepler, Simplicius and Galileo, Hooke and Newton, Priestley and Lavoisier, Soddy and Einstein, De Broglie and Born, Heisenberg and Bohm all make the same observations but use them differently is too easy. It does not explain controversy in research science. Were there no sense in which they were different observations, they could not be used differently. This may perplex some: that researchers sometimes do not appreciate data in the same way is a serious matter. Observation of *x* is shaped by prior knowledge of *x*. Another influence on observations rests in the language or notation used to express what we know, and without which there would be little we could recognize as knowledge.

'Seeing that' threads knowledge into our seeing; it saves us from re-identifying everything that meets our eye; it allows physicists to observe new data as physicists, and not as cameras. Seeing an object *x* is to see that it may behave in the ways we know *x*'s do behave: if the object's behaviour does not accord with what we expect of *x*'s, we may be blocked from seeing it as a straightforward *x* any longer. Now we rarely see dolphin as fish, the earth as flat, the heavens as an inverted bowl or the sun as our satellite. '. . . What I perceive as the dawning of an aspect is not a property of the object, but an internal relation between it and other objects.'

'See that' and 'seeing that' are always followed by 'sentential' clauses. The addition of but an initial capital letter and a full stop sets them up as independent sentences. One can see an ice-cube, or see a kite as a bird. One cannot see that an ice-cube, nor see that a bird. Nor is this due to limitations of vision. Rather, one may see that *ice-cubes can melt;*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that *birds have 'hollow' bones.* Tycho and Simplicius see that *the universe is geocentric;* Kepler and Galileo see that *it is heliocentric.* The physicist sees that *anode-fluorescence will appear in an X-ray tube at high voltages.* The phrases in italics are complete sentential units.

PICTURES and statements differ in logical type, and the steps between visual pictures and the statements of what is seen are many and intricate. Our visual consciousness is dominated by pictures; scientific knowledge, however, is primarily linguistic. Seeing is, as I should almost like to say, an amalgam of the two—pictures and language. At the least, the concept of seeing embraces the concepts of visual sensation and of knowledge.

Knowledge here is of what there is, as factually expressed in books, reports and essays. How to do things is not our concern. I know how to whistle; but could I express that knowledge in language? Could I describe the taste of salt, even though I know perfectly well how salt tastes? I know how to control a parachute—much of that knowledge was imparted in lectures and drills, but an essential part of it was not *imparted* at all; it was 'got on the spot.' Physicists rely on 'know-how,' on the 'feel' of things and the 'look' of a situation, for these control the direction of research. Such imponderables, however, rarely affect the corpus of physical truths. It is not Galileo's insight, Newton's genius and Einstein's imagination which have *per se* changed our knowledge of what there is: it is the true things they have said. The 'foundation' of the language of physics, the part closest to mere sensation, is a series of statements. Statements are true or false. Pictures are not at all like statements: they are neither true nor false; retinal, cortical, or sense-datum pictures are neither true nor false. Yet what we see can determine whether statements like 'The sun is above the horizon' and 'The cube is transparent,' are true or false. Knowledge of the world is not a *montage* of sticks, stones, colour patches and noises, but a system of propositions.

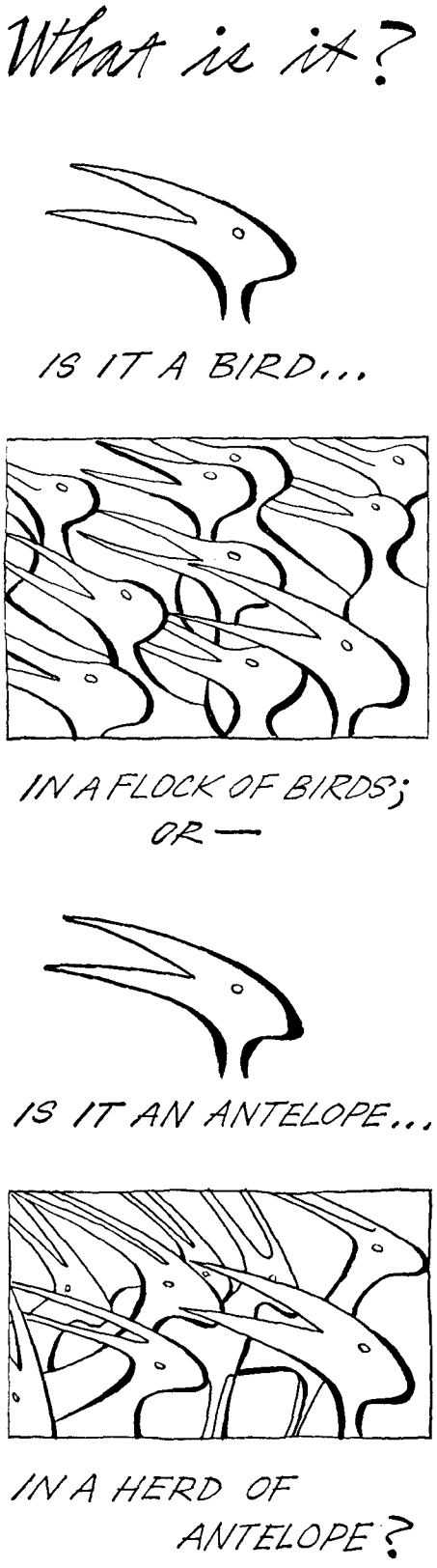
PICTURES often copy originals. The copy is of the same type as the original. We can sketch the bear's teeth, but not his growl, any more than we could see the growl of the original bear. Leonardo could draw Mona Lisa's smile, but not her laugh. Language, however, is more versatile. Language can encapsulate scenes and sounds, teeth and growls, smiles and laughs; a picture, or a gramophone, can do one or the other, but not both. Pictures and recordings stand for things by possessing certain properties of the original itself. Images, reflections, pictures and maps duplicate the spatial properties of what they image, reflect, picture or map; gramophone recordings duplicate audio-temporal properties. Sentences are not like this. Sentences do not show, for example, bears climbing trees, but they can state that bears climb trees. Showing the sun climbing into the sky consists in representing sun and sky and arranging them appropriately. Stating that the sun is climbing into the sky consists in referring to the sun and then characterizing it as climbing into the sky. The differences between representing and referring, between arranging and characterizing—these are the differences between picturing and language-using. Sentences do not stand for things in virtue of possessing properties of the original; they do not *stand for* anything. They can state what is, or could be, the case.

LANGUAGE copies least of all. There are exceptional words like 'buzz,' 'tinkle' and 'toot,' but they only demonstrate how conventional our languages and notations are. [With] language we can describe odours, sounds, feels, looks, smiles and winks. This freedom makes type-mistakes possible: for example, 'They found his pituitary but not his mind,' 'We surveyed his retina but could not find his sight.' Only when we are free from the natural limitations of pictures and recordings can such errors occur.

There is a corresponding gap between visual pictures and what we know. Seeing bridges this, for while seeing is at the least a 'visual copying' of objects, it is also more than that. It is a certain sort of seeing of objects: seeing that if x were done to them y would follow. This fact got lost in all the talk about knowledge arising from sense experience, memory, association and correlation. Memorizing, associating, correlating and comparing mental pictures may be undertaken *ad indefinitum* without one step having been taken towards scientific knowledge; that is, propositions known to be true.

WHEN language and notation are ignored in studies of observation, physics is represented as resting on sensation and low-grade experiment. It is described as a repetitious, monotonous concatenation of spectacular sensations, and of school-laboratory experiments. But physical science is not just a systematic exposure of the senses to the world; it is also a way of thinking about the world, a way of forming conceptions. The paradigm observer is not the man who sees and reports what all normal observers see and report, but the man who sees in familiar objects what no one else has seen before.

—N. R. HANSON.
in "Patterns of Discovery,"
(Cambridge University Press, $5.50)



THE ANGLE OF VISION and the frame of reference determine how we interpret what we see. Among those who have never seen an antelope, only the rare person is able to recognize a sketch of the heads of a herd of antelope, especially if the outlines of the heads are askew in relation to the horizon (as in the second drawing from the top of this series of drawings, made by Doug Anderson after the book). Scientific laws can be as elusive as antelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Scripps.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Steadily deeper into the past in search of the origins of life. And that means deeper into the mysteries of the sea, where the first living creatures are believed to have come into being. One of the difficulties of such exploration is the absence of an experimental animal through whose makeup and behavior life in the sea can be traced. Oceanographers long have been looking and hoping for a counterpart to the white rat, which has been pure-bred through hundreds of generations and millions of experiments in which secret after secret of life on land has been revealed. Here is reported the possible discovery of just that sort of sea animal, one which may be the first man has ever had opportunity to study in the act of creating a new species. Called* Tigriopus, *it has been found in the waters of twenty-one countries of the Earth.*

WILLIAM L. BELSER
(Scripps Institution of Oceanography)

IN THE splash pools among the rocks bordering every ocean of the world there dwells a tiny creature named *Tigriopus*. Although smaller than one-sixteenth of an inch in length, this fascinating little animal is giving some very interesting and valuable information to our knowledge of biology. It is a somewhat shrimplike crustacean, and its food consists of one-celled aquatic plants or algae.

Since *Tigriopus* lives in splash pools, above the reach of all but the highest tides, it is subjected to wide ranges of environmental change. The temperature changes alone, encountered in a splash pool exposed to the sun, would kill *Tigriopus'* more delicate oceanic relatives. The salt concentration also undergoes constant change, because of evaporation by the sun and dilution by rain. All of these environmental extremes have selected out a very hardy group of animals, and it was this native hardiness that first attracted us to *Tigriopus*.

The fact that *Tigriopus* could withstand the rigors of its native environment suggested to Dr. Adriano Buzzati-Traverso, University of California professor who is now on leave as director of the Biological Branch of the Italian Atomic Energy Commission, that these animals might be brought into the laboratory and cultured for study. Under his direction, technicians soon learned to distinguish the two sexes from each other, and once this was possible, breeding experiments were set up. From these it was determined that the whole life cycle of *Tigriopus* takes only twelve to fourteen days. Thus, over the period of four years since the original animals were isolated, 100 to 110 generations of these animals have flourished in our laboratory cultures. A comparable number of generations in the human population would require about 2,000 years.

After a fertile adult female is mated with an adult male, she proceeds to lay eggs. These eggs are enclosed in a sac, as many as thirty to fifty eggs in a sac. Following a single mating, one female can deposit up to five or more such egg-sacs.

In all other animals, barring prenatal death, essentially one male is born for every female. In *Tigriopus,* however, as high as 75-80 per cent are males. After extensive investigation of this peculiar ratio, Dr. Abbas Ar-rushdi, of the University of Baghdad, concluded that the determination of sex in these animals is unique.

In most animals, although many genes are responsible for determining sex, they all reside in a single chromosome. Thus, the progeny either get all or none. In *Tigriopus,* on the other hand, the many genes responsible for sex determination reside in a number, if not in all, of its twelve chromosomes, and the sex is determined by how many of these genes an individual animal gets. Such a mechanism of sex determination had been postulated in the past by genetists seeking the origin of sexuality. But *Tigriopus* is the first actual example of it reported in the literature.

Earlier, it was stated that thirty to fifty eggs are deposited in a single sac by the female. When efforts were made to study the reasons for this large range, it was found that the number of eggs per sac is also under genetic control. This heritability of egg numbers also seems to be under the control of several genes, and might be likened to such elusive characteristics as weight in beef cattle or size of ears in corn.

Another interesting facet of our laboratory investigations of *Tigriopus* was the discovery by Dr. L. Provosoli, of Haskins Laboratories in New York, and Mr. James Lance, of the Scripps Institution, that eggs treated with antibiotics and then placed in sterile culture fluid could develop into mature *Tigriopus* free of bacteria. One source of the animal's food, a one-celled aquatic plant, could also be freed of bacteria. In this single species of plants are all the nutrients *Tigriopus* requires to grow to adulthood. With only this one food organism, however, the animals do not mature sexually. Other foods must be provided if *Tigriopus* is to be capable of producing offspring. This peculiarity makes it possible to pursue investigations into the physiology of the fertilization process.

In the northern hemisphere *Tigriopus* has been found along the Chinese coast and in Japan. This group is a separate species and is called *Tigriopus japonicus.* On the west coast of North America from Vancouver, B. C. to the southern tip of Baja California, Mexico is found a second species, *Tigriopus californicus.* The third species, *Tigriopus brevicornus,* is found in Iceland, Norway, England, Normandy and the Spanish coast around to Monaco. From Monaco to the Bay of Naples there is a gap in our information, but those organisms from the Bay of Naples and eastward to the Adriatic Sea are proving to be most interesting.

None of the three distinct species listed above is capable of mating with each other. The Adriatic group can mate with the English *brevicornus* species, but all of the progeny die before they become mature. This leads us to believe that with the animals from the Naples-Adriatic region we may be dealing with a group which is undergoing speciation at this very instant. It is our hope that information gained from these studies will shed light upon the fundamental processes leading to the bewildering array of animals and plants found in the world about us.

All in all, *Tigriopus* is yielding fundamental biological information far out of proportion to its tiny size. If we can ask the proper questions, in the form of our experiments, much more may reasonably be expected.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Helping you jet there sooner!

You get your "welcome home" hug hours sooner—in today's jet age. And the jet age itself arrived here sooner, thanks in part to a special oil developed by Esso Research. Every jet engine throughout the free world grew up on it. And most pure jets flying today still use it and it alone. For happy homecomings or "happy motoring"... **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

Esso

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gift theme with variations

Give RCA Victor Albums for Christmas!

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 and **Coriolan Overture**—Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Presenting Jaime Laredo—Debut of the young violinist who won the 1959 International Music Competition in Brussels.

Brahms: Concerto No. 2—New performance by the distinguished Artur Rubinstein, brilliantly recorded.

Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture and **Ravel: Bolero**—Morton Gould conducts a high fidelity and stereo spectacular.

Moussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition—Fabulous interpretation by piano virtuoso Vladimir Horowitz.

A Program Of Song By Leontyne Price—First solo recording by the internationally acclaimed contralto.

Other Recent Red Seal Albums:

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2—Monteux & London Symphony.

Schubert: Symphony in C—Munch & Boston Symphony.

Three Piano Quartets—Brilliant ensemble performances superbly recorded by the world-renowned Festival Quartet.

Suite Italienne—Fascinating cello repertoire by the instrument's greatest exponent, Gregor Piatigorsky.

Presenting José Greco—Exciting Flamenco music played to the wild rhythms of clicking heels and castanets.

Vivaldi: Four Bassoon Concertos—Delightful performances by Sherman Walt, Bassoon, and the Zimbler Sinfonietta.

Available in Living Stereo and Regular L.P.

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED